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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

## REVIEWS

*Sketches, Legal and Political.* By the Late Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil. Edited, with Notes, by M. W. Savage. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

THE 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* under the editorship of Campbell, made a talk in their day. They painted the characters of the leading persons in Irish politics with graphic felicity. Light, varied, and dramatic in their manner, the 'Sketches' were found readable by many who were tired with the violence of Irish politics.

The authorship of these 'Sketches' was attributed to the joint pens of the late Mr. Sheil and his surviving friend and literary associate, Mr. W. H. Curran, the son and biographer of the most eloquent of Irish forensic orators. The part which each had in the contributions was never accurately known; thus, the picture of O'Connell in "shouldering his umbrella like a pike, flinging out one factious foot before the other, as if he were kicking the Ascendancy before him," was often erroneously attributed to the brush of Sheil. An American publisher having issued a pirated edition of these brilliant 'Sketches,' Mr. Colburn has reclaimed his copyright. Accordingly, Mr. Savage has edited the papers by Mr. Sheil in the present work,—and another volume will follow, from the pen of Mr. W. H. Curran. We confess that we wish that the whole publication had appeared under the editorship of the latter gentleman, as it would have given more unity to the series. But, possibly, on the question of omitting or retaining certain passages from Mr. Sheil's vivid and often mordant pen, Mr. W. H. Curran desired to have the assistance of another judge.

Of the author of these brilliant papers we need say nothing here, as his life may shortly come before us for review. Many reflections pass through the mind on their critical reperusal. Their vivacity of style was gained at the sacrifice of depth of thought; and in the comic force of the delineation fidelity to nature was often forgotten by the artist. The writer looked at Ireland only from one point of view, and "Emancipation" was invested in his mind with a talismanic power. We read the 'Sketches' with pleasure for their dramatic force of contrast, but we can by no means accept their verdicts as judicial. Sometimes reality is lost sight of altogether. The paper called 'Effects of Emancipation' proves that the writer was not a deep observer of the new springs of action which were then at work in Irish affairs. A reader will look in vain through these 'Sketches' for any distinct perception of the new power of the Roman Catholic priesthood, resulting from the "Clare Election," and other events so graphically described.

But the literary merit of these essays is very high. Sheil's early practice in writing for the stage assisted him in the difficult art of giving contrasted light and shade and dramatic interest to narrations of civil life. Irish society, in a variety of its phases, is amusingly described; and, though during the last twenty years that subject has been overworked, we can still laugh at the amusing pictures of its curiosities described in these pages. Nothing, for example, can be better than the picture of Lord Norbury presiding at *Nisi Prius*. There were two sides to his character—the fierce and the farcical. Sheil has given a striking view of him as a terrifying Crown prosecutor,

bullying witnesses and intimidating juries. Here is the comic side of the character.—

"Lord Norbury was at the head of an excellent company. The spirit of the judge extended itself naturally enough to the counsel; and men who were grave and considerate every where else, threw off all soberness and propriety, and became infected with the habits of the venerable manager of the court, the moment they entered the Common Pleas. His principal performers were Messrs. Grady, Wallace, O'Connell, and Gould, who instituted a sort of rivalry in uproar, and played against each other. With such a judge, and such auxiliaries to co-operate with him, some idea may be formed of the attractions which were held out to that numerous class who have no fixed occupation, and by whom, in the hope of laughing hunger away, the Four Courts are frequented in Dublin."

Then comes the Chief Justice in full force.—

"Having despatched the junior, whom he was sure to make the luckless, but sometimes not inappropriate victim of his encomiums, he suffered the leading counsel to proceed. As he was considered to have a strong bias towards the plaintiff, experimental attorneys brought into the Common Pleas the very worst and most discreditable adventures in litigation. The statement of the case, therefore, generally disclosed some paltry ground of action, which, however, did not prevent his Lordship from exclaiming in the outset, 'A very important action indeed! If you make out your facts in evidence, Mr. Wallace, there will be serious matter for the jury.' The evidence was then produced; and the witnesses often consisted of wretches whose emaciated and discoloured countenances showed their want and their depravity, while their watchful and working eyes intimated that mixture of sagacity and humour by which the lower order of Irish attestors are distinguished. They generally appeared in coats and breeches, the external decency of which, as they were hired for the occasion, was ludicrously contrasted with the ragged and filthy shirt, which Mr. Henry Deane Grady, who was well acquainted with the 'inner man' of an Irish witness, though not without repeated injunctions to unbutton, at last compelled them to disclose. \* \* \* Lord Norbury, however, when he saw Mr. Grady pushing the plaintiff to extremities, used to come to his aid, and rally the broken recollections of the witness. This interposition called the defendant's counsel into stronger action, and they were as vigorously encountered by the counsel on the other side. Interruption created remonstrance; remonstrance called forth retort; retort generated sarcasm; and at length voices were raised so loud, and the blood of the forensic combatants was so warmed, that a general scene of confusion, to which Lord Norbury most amply contributed, took place. The uproar gradually increased till it became tremendous; and, to add to the tumult, a question of law, which threw Lord Norbury's faculties into complete chaos was thrown into the conflict. Mr. Grady and Mr. O'Connell shouted upon one side, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Gould upon the other, and at last, Lord Norbury, the witness, the counsel, and parties, and the audience, were involved in one universal riot, in which it was difficult to determine whether the laughter of the audience, the exclamations of the parties, the protestations of the witnesses, the cries of the counsel, or the bellowing of Lord Norbury, predominated. At length, however, his Lordship's superiority of lungs prevailed; and, like Aeolus in his cavern (of whom, with his puffed cheeks and inflamed visage, he would furnish a painter with a model), he shouted his stormy subjects into peace."

Mr. Savage records an appropriate jest on such a Court.—

"A witness, being asked one day what his occupation was, answered that he kept a racket-court. 'So do I,' said Lord Norbury, puffing, and glancing at his 'company.'

And elsewhere Mr. Savage gives another specimen of the untiring punster.—

"Cobbett was called the 'bone-grubber,' in consequence of the respect which, with ostentatious bad taste, he paid to the memory of Thomas Paine, whose remains he brought to England from America,

Lord Norbury, on being asked what Cobbett meant by importing the bones, is said to have answered, that he supposed he 'wanted to make a *broil*.'

A collection of *Norburiana* would amuse. Let us contribute one of the best. A gentleman, who practised wit and professed law, thought that he could overcome the punster on the Bench. So on one day, when Lord Norbury was charging a jury, the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey. "What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury.—"Tis only the echo of the Court, my Lord," answered Counsellor Readytongue. Nothing disconcerted, the Judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed. "One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

The pictures of domestic life in Ireland in these papers are very graphic:—many passages being full of dramatic spirit. An old Catholic family is in pecuniary difficulties, and a rich wife is hunted for.—

"A priest, a friend of the family, who, as matrimony is one of the seven sacraments, thinks himself in duty bound to promote so salubrious a rite, is consulted. He gives a couple of taps to his gold snuff-box, tenders a pinch to the old gentleman, protests that there are risks in celibacy, that it is needful to husband the constitution and the estate, and observing that the young squire, though a little pale, is a pretty fellow, puts his finger to his nose, and hints at a young damsel in Newrow (a penitent of his reverence, and a mighty good kind of young woman, not long come from the Cork convent), with ruddy cheeks, and vigorous arms, a robust waist and antigallican toes. The parties are brought together. The effect of *juxta-position* is notorious: most of my readers know it by experience. The young gentleman stutters a compliment, the heart of the young lady and her wooden fan are in a flutter; the question is popped. The old people put their heads together. Consideration of the marriage, high blood, and equity of redemption upon one side; and rude health and twenty thousand pounds on the other. The bargain is struck; and to ensure the hymeneal negotiation, nothing remains but that Counsellor Bellew should look over the settlements."

The "wooden fan" suggests the artist too much in the exhibition; but let us proceed, first premising that "Mr. Bellew" was a real person.—

"Accordingly, a Galway attorney prepares the draft marriage settlement, with a skin for every thousand, and waits on Mr. Bellew. Laying thirty guineas on the table, and thinking that upon the credit of such a fee he may presume to offer his opinion, he commences with an ejaculation on the fall of the good old families, until Mr. Bellew, after counting the money, casts a *Caius Marius* look upon him, and awes him into respect. He unrolls the volume of parchment, and the eye of the illustrious conveyancer glistens at the sight of the ancient and venerable name that stands at the head of the indenture. But as he advances through the labyrinth of limitations, he grows alarmed and disturbed, and on arriving at the words 'on the body of the said Judy Mac Gilligan to be begotten,' he drops his pen, and puts the settlement away, with something of the look of a Frenchman, when he intimates his perception of an unusually bad smell. It is only after an interval of reflection, and when he has recalled the fiscal philosophy of *Vespasian*, that he is persuaded to resume his labours, but does not completely recover his tranquillity of mind, until turning the back of his brief, he marks that most harmonious of all monosyllables 'paid,' at the foot of the consolatory stipend."

Throughout the 'Sketches' there is a satirical exhibition of the contrasted points between "patricians" and "plebeians," which reminds us of society where "an Ascendancy" is installed in power. Occasionally broader social features are depicted. Ethnologists will be pleased with this bird's-eye view of "race" in Ireland.—

"In other countries, one national physiognomy

prevails through the mass of the people. In every district, and in every class, we meet with a single character of face. But in Ireland, the imperfect grafting of colonization is easily perceived, in the great variety of countenance which is everywhere to be found: the notches are easily discerned upon the original stock. The Dame of Kildare is known by his erect form, his sanded complexion, his blue and independent eye, and the fairness of his rich and flowing hair. The Spaniard, in the west, shows among the dominions of Mr. Martin his swarthy features and his black Andalusian eye. A Presbyterian church in the north exhibits a quadrangular breadth of jaw-bone, and a shrewd sagacity of look in its calculating and moral congregation, which the best Baillie in Glasgow would not disown. Upon the southern mountain and in the morass, the wild and haggard face of the aboriginal Irishman is thrust upon the traveller, through the aperture in his habitation of mud which pays the double debt of a chimney and a door. His red and strongly curled hair, his angry and courageous eye, his short and blunted features, thrown at hazard into his countenance, and that fantastic compound of intrepidity and cunning, of daring and of treachery, of generosity and of falsehood, of fierceness and of humour, of absurdity and genius, which is conveyed in his expression, is not inappropriately discovered in the midst of crags and bogs, and through the medium of smoke. When he descends into the city, this barbarian of Art (for he has been made so by the landlord and the law—Nature never intended him to be so) presents a singular contrast to the high forehead, the regular features, and the pure complexion of the English settler."

Even on a three days' railway tour in Ireland, the justice of the foregoing picture could be seen.—Comparing the English and Irish boys at one of the Jesuits' Colleges, where the writer was educated, Sheila says:—

"There were at Stonyhurst, as I have mentioned, a great number of English Catholics of the highest rank. The number of Irish boys was about half that of the English. They were generally greatly inferior in station, though many of them were the children of the best Catholic gentry in Ireland. There existed among the natives of the two countries a strong rivalry, which was occasionally wrought up to animosity. The favourite game at the school was a very violent one, called football. The Irish were marshalled on one side of a large field, and the English on the other. When they became heated, the boys showed a spirit of antipathy, which reminded one of the feuds of the two nations. In general, the English were successful, because they showed more prudence and self-control. The Irish were so precipitate and headlong as constantly to miss the victory when they were on the point of gaining it. The same emulation ran into their school exercises. Wherever attention and assiduity were required, the English were generally superior; but in matters of display the Irish went far beyond them. This was particularly observable in their declamation, in which the Irish were unquestionably far more accomplished."

The recollections of the Jesuits in these papers are very remarkable, because to some extent they are revelations as well as reminiscences. It is from the pen of a Roman Catholic witness that the following anecdote comes. Speaking of Stonyhurst, the writer says:—

"The Sodality itself was a curious instance of the mechanism by which the Jesuits contrived to keep perfect order in their schools. It consisted of the majority of the boys, who voluntarily enrolled themselves in a corporation, which was instituted in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The students who belonged to this society were compelled to select a certain number of individuals from among themselves, who were called admonitors, and who bound themselves to disclose to the heads of the school every malpractice which should fall under their cognizance. They were, in fact, a set of tell-tales, to whom no degradation attached, because they were elected to the office by the very persons whose conduct it was their duty to superintend. Thus their functions were not dishonourable, although the habit which they engendered was not, perhaps, very useful."

We totally dissent from the writer's approbation of such an institution. To raise the morals or refine the manners of boys by so odious an organization is a worse than dubious experiment. A spy-system is fundamentally vicious in design, and sure to destroy the nobler springs of action. It is worthy of the invention of a Fouché. The following anecdote of Molinari, a Jesuit of the school at Kensington, would not be believed if it came from a Protestant pen.—

"He had a whip made of several strong cords, with knots at regular intervals, with which he used to lash the hands of the scholars in such a way as to make the blood leap from them. It seemed to give great pain to inflict this chastisement, and I have seen him weep at what he called the necessity of being severe. He had a very extraordinary method of reconciling the devout students to this torture. He sentenced you first to nine lashes, and then ordered you to hold out your hand; 'Offer it up to God and his saints,' he would say, 'as a sacrifice.' He would then select you nine saints. The first blow was to be suffered in honour of St. Ignatius,—'Allons, mon enfant, au nom du plus grand de tous les Saints—St. Ignace!' and down went the whip from a vigorous and muscular arm.—'Oh! mon Dieu!' cried the little martyr, withdrawing his hand after the first operation.—'Allons, mon enfant, au nom de St. François Xavier!' and he then inflicted a second laceration upon the culprit.—'Mais, mon Père, ayez pitié—jamais, jamais, je ne ferai des scolomes—oh, mon Père, jamais.'—The Jesuit was inexorable.—'Allons, mon enfant, au nom de Saint Louis de Gonzague; and thus he proceeded till he had gone through his calendar of infliction."

The Jesuit who chastized in this extraordinary fashion is described by Sheila as endowed with "heroical disinterestedness of character," and also as being "exceedingly mild in temper." We have not space for extracting the account of Stonyhurst, but as "a picture of an interior" it is highly interesting, for a variety of reasons.

Mr. Savage has had no easy task in editing these papers, as in the original series there were several passages of a highly invidious character,—and even as they stand there is too much of imputation on individuals, and a vein of detraction painful in the case of those who have passed from the scene. Lord John Russell, in his controversy with Mr. Croker, ought to have taught a lesson to all "editors" of posthumous papers of the danger of committing their defunct principals. Mr. Savage has not profited by that example. Thus, when Sheila has severely criticized the public character of a Whig Duke, Mr. Savage makes a low bow to his Grace, and records in a laudatory note how his Grace acted when "the country was disturbed by an unfortunate movement for the Repeal of the Union," forgetting that the eminent person whose papers he was editing had taken a vehement part as a Repeater. So, again, at p. 372 (Vol. II.), Mr. Savage assails a late administration, and talks of "Mr. Sheila's prediction being strikingly realized." We turn over the page, and we find that Sheila had anticipated that a glorious career was in store for the personage disparaged by his editor. There are also various errors of omission. Sheila in one passage records how O'Connell "caught a Tartar" when he vituperated Mr. Stanley, then (1830) comparatively unknown.—

"All this was borne by the object of so much vituperation not only with patience, but with some scorn. He knew that the hour of ample retribution was at hand, and was heard, I have been told, to intimate that the Honourable Member for Waterford would change his tone in the House of Commons. The prediction was verified. Mr. Stanley displayed, in his very first encounter with Mr. O'Connell, so much acuteness, dexterity, fearlessness, and so much of that subdued and polite virulence which constitutes the highest merit in the sarcastic oratory of the House of Commons, that his antagonist was taught

to beware of him, and since that time nothing more has been heard of 'shave-beggar,' and of the other somewhat contumelious designations which were attached in the miscellany of tribunitian invective to the Secretary for Ireland."

—A note was here required, stating that O'Connell and Sheila were not on friendly terms when the passage was written,—and there are several similar omissions.

It is necessary to caution the reader that throughout these papers "the other side" is kept out of view, almost as much as if they had been written by Cobbett. On anything Irish we must recollect the Earl of Liverpool's sensible remark, that "there are two Irelands in one island." But we can cordially commend these 'Sketches' as interesting in matter and brilliant in composition. Some of the best gifts of a dramatist and novelist are seen in the series, and they deserve to find many readers.

*Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers.*  
By Washington Irving. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Low & Co.

It would not be easy to overpraise this American miscellany. To be classic seems a lost ambition among our young writers,—who confound correctness with academical frigidity, and conceive that invention is substantiated by impudence. Nevertheless (as the wit said of church-going) quiet readers can "see no harm" in a pure style, especially from a new country like America, which has a literature yet to establish, and its models to range on their pedestals. It is better, we think, for a man to tell his story as Mr. Irving, Mr. Hawthorne, or Mr. Longfellow does, than to adopt the style Emersonian—in which thoughts may be buried so deep that common seekers shall be unable to find them. "Geoffrey Crayon's" elegance and polish do not imply want of life or the absence of humour. His fancies are ideal, not typographical. They do not consist of verbs for nouns,—of full stops barring the way when the reader desires to go on,—of tumid epithets, which arrest by their strangeness, not their appositeness,—of foreign idioms and forms, introduced (it may not be uncharitable to divine) by way of apprising the public that the writer is versed in French, Italian, or German. "Geoffrey" is less poetical than the Author of 'Hyperion,'—he does not possess the strange and weird vigour of Mr. Hawthorne;—but, as the eldest, he may possibly, in the Book of American Worthies, be ranked as the first, also, of those three writers,—whom we mention in company because of the affinities among them.

To begin at the beginning:—it is possible that 'Wolfert's Roost,'—the "little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat,"—the Chronicles of which are so unctuously rehearsed by "Geoffrey Crayon,"—may have owned the same original as belonged to the "house of seven gables," peopled by Mr. Hawthorne with human beings so peculiar and pathetic. Other of Mr. Irving's gatherings, again, remind us of legends in 'Hyperion,' and of that fine ballad 'The Skeleton in Armour,' which has not yet taken the high place due to it among Prof. Longfellow's poems. Here, for instance, is a goblin tale belonging to the Convent of San Francisco at Seville, and introduced by proper awful talk concerning Don Juan de Tenorio, the well-known hero of Tyro de Molina, and Molière, and Mozart. Observe how admirably the scene is arranged for a ghost story.—

"While my companion was relating these anecdotes, we had traversed the exterior courtyard of the convent, and made our way into a great interior court;

partly surrounded by cloisters and dormitories, partly by chapels, and having a large fountain in the centre. The pile had evidently once been extensive and magnificent; but it was for the greater part in ruins. By the light of the stars, and of twinkling lamps placed here and there in the chapels and corridors, I could see that many of the columns and arches were broken; the walls were rent and riven; while burnt beams and rafters showed the destructive effects of fire. The whole place had a desolate air; the night-breeze rustled through grass and weeds flaunting out of the crevices of the walls, or from the shattered columns; the bat flitted about the vaulted passages, and the owl hooted from the ruined belfry. Never was any scene more completely fitted for a ghost story. While I was indulging in picturings of the fancy, proper to such a place, the deep chant of the monks from the convent church came swelling upon the ear.—‘It is the vesper service,’ said my companion; ‘follow me.’—Leading the way across the court of the cloisters, and through one or two ruined passages, he reached the portal of the church, and pushing open a wicket, cut in the folding doors, we found ourselves in the deep arched vestibule of the sacred edifice. To our left was the choir, forming one end of the church, and having a low vaulted ceiling, which gave it the look of a cavern. About this were ranged the monks, seated on stools, and chanting from immense books placed on music-stands, and having the notes scored in such gigantic characters as to be legible from every part of the choir. A few lights on these music-stands dimly illuminated the choir, gleamed on the shaven heads of the monks, and threw their shadows on the walls. They were gross, blue-bearded, bullet-headed men, with bass voices, of deep metallic tone, that reverberated out of the cavernous choir. To our right extended the great body of the church. It was spacious and lofty; some of the side-chapels had gilded grates, and were decorated with images and paintings representing the sufferings of our Saviour. Aloft was a great painting by Murillo, but too much in the dark to be distinguished. The gloom of the whole church was but faintly relieved by the reflected light from the choir, and the glimmering here-and there of a votive lamp before the shrine of the saint. As my eye roamed about the shadowy pile, it was struck with the dimly-seen figure of a man on horseback, near a distant altar. I touched my companion, and pointed to it: ‘The spectre statue!’ said I.

The excellent openings of Mrs. Radcliffe’s ‘Italian,’ and of Schiller’s ‘Ghost-seer,’ are recalled by the foregoing picture. The tale thus prepared for is ghastly enough; and since our readers have not for many a day been treated to a specimen of the supernatural, we will give it them entire.—

There was once in Seville a young gay fellow, Don Manuel de Manara by name, who having come to a great estate by the death of his father, gave the reins to his passions, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. Like Don Juan, whom he seemed to have taken for a model, he became famous for his enterprises among the fair sex, and was the cause of doors being barred and windows grated with more than usual strictness. All in vain. No balcony was too high for him to scale: no bolt nor bar was proof against his efforts: and his very name was a word of terror to all the jealous husbands and cautious fathers of Seville. His exploits extended to country as well as city; and in the village dependent on his castle, scarce a rural beauty was safe from his arts and enterprises. As he was one day ranging the streets of Seville, with several of his dissolute companions, he beheld a procession about to enter the gate of a convent. In the centre was a young female, arrayed in the dress of a bride; it was a novice, who, having accomplished her year of probation, was about to take the black veil, and consecrate herself to Heaven. The companions of Don Manuel drew back, out of respect to the sacred pageant; but he pressed forward, with his usual impetuosity, to gain a near view of the novice. He almost jostled her, in passing through the portal of the church, when, on her turning round, he beheld the countenance of a beautiful village girl, who had been the object of his ardent pursuit, but who had been spirited secretly out of his reach by her relatives. She recognised him at the

same moment, and fainted; but was borne within the gate of the chapel. It was supposed the agitation of the ceremony and the heat of the throng had overcome her. After some time, the curtain which hung within the gate was drawn up: there stood the novice, pale and trembling, surrounded by the abbess and the nuns. The ceremony proceeded; the crown of flowers was taken from her head; she was shorn of her silken tresses, received the black veil, and went passively through the remainder of the ceremony. Don Manuel de Manara, on the contrary, was roused to fury at the sight of this sacrifice. His passion, which had almost faded away in the absence of the object, now glowed with tenfold ardour, being inflamed by the difficulties placed in his way, and piqued by the measures which had been taken to defeat him. Never had the object of his pursuit appeared so lovely and desirable as when within the gate of the convent; and he swore to have her, in defiance of heaven and earth. By dint of bribing a female servant of the convent, he contrived to convey letters to her, pleading his passion in the most eloquent and seductive terms. How successful they were, is only matter of conjecture; certain it is, he undertook one night to scale the garden wall of the convent, either to carry off the nun, or gain admission to her cell. Just as he was mounting the wall, he was suddenly plucked back, and a stranger, muffled in a cloak, stood before him.—‘Rash man, forbear!’ cried he; ‘is it not enough to have violated all human ties? Wouldst thou steal a bride from heaven?’—The sword of Don Manuel had been drawn on the instant, and furious at this interruption, he passed it through the body of the stranger, who fell dead at his feet. Hearing approaching footsteps, he fled the fatal spot, and mounting his horse, which was at hand, retreated to his estate in the country, at no great distance from Seville. Here he remained throughout the next day, full of horror and remorse; dreading lest he should be known as the murderer of the deceased, and fearing each moment the arrival of the officers of justice. The day passed, however, without molestation; and, as the evening advanced, unable any longer to endure this state of uncertainty and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Irresistibly his footsteps took the direction of the convent; but he paused and hovered at a distance from the scene of blood. Several persons were gathered round the place, one of whom was busy nailing something against the convent wall. After a while they dispersed, and one passed near to Don Manuel. The latter addressed him, with hesitating voice—‘Señor,’ said he, ‘may I ask the reason of yonder throng?’—‘A cavalier,’ replied the other, ‘has been murdered.’—‘Murdered!’ echoed Don Manuel; ‘and can you tell me his name?’—‘Don Manuel de Manara,’ replied the stranger, and passed on.—Don Manuel was startled at this mention of his own name; especially when applied to the murdered man. He ventured, when it was entirely deserted, to approach the fatal spot. A small cross had been nailed against the wall, as is customary in Spain, to mark the place where a murder has been committed; and just below it he read, by the twinkling light of a lamp, ‘Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God for his soul!’ Still more confounded and perplexed by this inscription, he wandered about the streets until the night was far advanced, and all was still and lonely. As he entered the principal square, the light of torches suddenly broke on him, and he beheld a grand funeral procession moving across it. There was a great train of priests, and many persons of dignified appearance, in ancient Spanish dresses attending as mourners, none of whom he knew. Accosting a servant who followed in the train, he demanded the name of the defunct. ‘Don Manuel de Manara,’ was the reply; and it went cold to his heart. He looked, and indeed beheld the armorial bearings of his family emblazoned on the funeral escutcheons. Yet not one of his family was to be seen among the mourners. The mystery was more and more incomprehensible. He followed the procession as it moved on to the cathedral. The bier was deposited before the high altar; and funeral service was commenced, and the grand organ began to peal through the vaulted aisles. Again the youth ventured to question this awful pageant. ‘Father,’ said he, with trembling voice, to one of the priests, ‘who is this you are about to inter?’—‘Don Manuel

de Manara,’ replied the priest.—‘Father,’ cried Don Manuel impatiently, ‘you are deceived. This is some imposture. Know that Don Manuel de Manara is alive and well, and now stands before you. I am Don Manuel de Manara!’—‘Avant, rash youth!’ cried the priest; ‘know that Don Manuel de Manara is dead!—is dead!—is dead!—and we are all souls from purgatory, his deceased relatives and ancestors, and others that have been aided by masses from his family, who are permitted to come here and pray for the repose of his soul!’ Don Manuel cast round a fearful glance upon the assemblage, in antiquated Spanish garbs, and recognized in their pale and ghastly countenances the portraits of many an ancestor that hung in the family picture-gallery. He now lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself, but in the fixed and livid lineaments of death. Just at that moment the whole choir burst forth with a ‘Requiescat in pace,’ that shook the vaults of the cathedral. Don Manuel sank senseless on the pavement. He was found there early the next morning by the sacristan, and conveyed to his home. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for a friar, and made a full confession of all that had happened. ‘My son,’ said the friar, ‘all this is a miracle and a mystery, intended for thy conversion and salvation. The corpse thou hast seen was a token that thou hadst died to sin and the world; take warning by it, and henceforth live to righteousness and heaven!’ Don Manuel did take warning by it. Guided by the counsels of the worthy friar, he disposed of all his temporal affairs; dedicated the greater part of his wealth to pious uses, especially to the performance of masses for souls in purgatory; and finally, entering a convent, became one of the most zealous and exemplary monks in Seville.

Capital, of the same quality, are the legends of ‘The Grand Prior of Minorca,’ and ‘The Engulfed Convent.’ Then, there are Indian and American sketches,—glimpses of Paris in 1825,—picture of Broek, the toy-village, four miles from Amsterdam, as Brock was, and is, and bids fair to remain, like a whimsical bit from China glazed down in the midst of Holland,—two well-narrated historical reminiscences of the Mississippi Bubble and the tragical crimes and sufferings of the Count von Horn,—‘Mountjoy,’ a drawing-room tale of the best Annual quality,—and ‘The Birds of Spring,’ which would be welcome were it only for the sake of the natural verses on “The Blue Bird,” by Wilson the Ornithologist, which, long ago, made a place for themselves in our memory.—There are other papers of interest; but enough has been said to justify the praise of the ‘Chronicles of Wolfert’s Roost’ with which we commenced our comment on them.

#### Missions in South India Visited and Described.

By the Rev. Joseph Mullens. Dalton.

THE AUTHOR, a Missionary resident at Calcutta, visited, in the first three months of 1853, the principal stations of the Missions in the Madras Presidency. On his return to Calcutta he delivered six Lectures containing the fruit of his inquiries,—and these Lectures are given to the English public in the volume before us. Mr. Mullens travelled over a distance of 1,360 miles, passing through many places of great interest, some of which have been inadequately described. Yet he confines himself so much to bare statistics that the whole narrative fails to present a vivid picture to the mind,—almost conveys the idea of having been compiled, rather than of being the fruit of personal investigation. This is the more to be regretted, as his descriptions of places, when they do occur, though brief, are not uninteresting. Of Cape Comorin, he says, for example,—

“I visited the Cape, when travelling among the out-stations of the Nagercoil mission, and was much struck by its numerous peculiarities. Near the shore is a fine group of palm-trees; and close beside them stands a Hindú Temple. On the very shore itself, is

a well-cut choultry, consisting of a corniced roof resting on twelve carved pillars, all built of stone. Directly in front of this choultry is the low black rock, which constitutes the last point of solid land in Hindustan. On the east side of the temple, there lies on the shore, a large mass of *purple sand*, which on examination, proves to be a collection of minute garnets, broken out of the granite rock of south India, in which it abounds, and strangely washed together in one spot. Close to the black rock is another curiosity; a mass of sand, each grain of which is as large as the ordinary grains of raw rice, whence it is called *rice-sand*. There is a singular legend told about its origin that may be thought interesting. It is told in various ways; but the following account is most common. It is said that the youngest daughter of the king of Pandy, named Kanâ Komori, was sought in marriage by a foreign giant, named Vânsaram. She accepted his suit, and agreed to marry him, on one condition which she hoped he could never fulfil; namely, that he should, on the wedding-day, give the guests to eat, rice which had been sown, grown, cut, winnowed, and cooked upon that very day. Much to her astonishment, the ugly monster performed the task. Greatly enraged, she cursed the rice, which became stones; she cursed the chaff, which became sand: she broke down a bridge which the giant had built there for his convenience, and finally slew the giant himself."

Mr. Mullens's facts are valuable, and are given with much candour. Those who wish to learn how far the Missionary movement has succeeded in Southern India will find much to interest them; they may learn, too, where and why it has failed. Among the causes of failure the author especially notices, in the Tamil Missions, the intolerance of caste. This was retained by converts with such obstinacy that they denied the very Missionaries that taught them access to their wells. Such converts, it must be allowed, were converts only in name. Nor, according to our author's account, was the conduct of some of the Missionaries themselves altogether irreproachable. Of one it is naively said, "He was a man of rather angry temper, and at times used to beat his servants and the converts in general, unmercifully." It is added, that having been exasperated by an old woman of Muthaloor, who rather too impertinently claimed payment for some eggs, "he cursed the people, and especially their fowls,"—a curse which, in the opinion of the people of that village, whose faith seems greater than their discernment, caused a considerable decrease in the number of eggs for some years.

The Lectures conclude with a short summary of the results of Missionary labours in the south of India. Not to mention the 650,000 Catholics, and 120,000 Syrian Christians of the Madras Presidency, there are 76,000 Protestant converts, who are all receiving secular as well as religious instruction. These converts do themselves, too, largely subscribe to the support of the Missions. At eleven stations in Tinnevelly alone, 17,000 rupees were collected in four years. Nor can it be denied that the Missionaries have introduced many useful arts among the natives. Thus, watch-making flourishes at Mangalore, and lace-making at Nagercoil. Neither should it be forgotten that we are indebted for the first Grammars and Dictionaries of the Canarese, Tulava, Tamil, and Malâyalin languages, and of many other dialects, to the Missionary Press.

#### MINOR MINSTRELS.

*The Yogi's Daughter: a Tragedy in Five Acts.* By John Baker Hopkins. (Hall, Virtue & Co.)—This tragedy is obviously no joke. Possibly we do not understand the language of the City and the Desert, where its scenes are laid—and probably the critic fittest to review it,

and also most pleasing to Mr. Hopkins, would be "the Yogi's Son," or some other Oriental used to singular figures of speech and curious stage effects. The following is the beginning of the tragedy: and we think it is a little like the beginning of one of Mr. Bunn's operas.

*Scene I. A Street in the City.*  
Enter Slaves.

1st Slave. Happy hour! let us sing and dance. Nyo has decreed that none shall labour on his marriage-day.

2nd Slave. Ah! we are happier than the birds.

1st Slave. Nay, they are always free.

2nd Slave. Therefore are we happier to-day. Give them but one day in many in which to chant their songs, and on those rare intervals, how rich and loud would be their blithe-some notes.

1st Slave. Well said.

3rd Slave. Let us away to the groves of Paphila.

1st Slave. The noble Leba passes to the temple to receive the holy Sona's blessing—let us wait till she be gone.

2nd Slave. We will sing the marriage-song.

All. Ay, the marriage-song.

*Song.*

Marriage is the tree of Love,

Life its glorious fruit;

It is the sole celestial plant

That blooms beneath the skies.

Join with the children of the air,

Angels of minstrelsy,

Who chant the songs they hear above

When noble weds the brave.

The gods grant them a plenteous race,

That night may brighter be;

For every child that's born on earth,

A new star shineth forth.

*Enter Seer.*

All. Hall, Seer.

Seer. Why this sound of rejoicing?

1st Slave. Know you not this day Nyo weds the Yogi's daughter? We sing the marriage-song.

These sociable and singing slaves have presently to sing another tune, and a terrible tune it is; but we will leave its turnings and windings to be explained by the "Yogi's Son," or Pundit, who may be called in for the purpose, satisfied that we shall have done our best if we treat the public to a few notes of the "grand crash" at the close.—

*Scene V. Room in the Palace. Sona sleeping.*

Enter Leba, who watches her for some time and then moves from his couch.

Leba. Sleep has divorced her from the sense of guilt. Sona, I will soon awake, and wed thee To everlasting woe! My heart will burst Not from fear or pity, but with ardour.

Quick—he may wake, and this good chance be lost!

[She takes the packet from her hair, opens it, and rubs poison on her fingers.

White—purple—shall be red soon, my fingers;

Either these stains are cleaned by heaven's dew, Or fixed by the flame of hell. No matter!

If I may join the blast, the gods be praised; If otherwise, I shall see Sona's tortures.

Father, Mother, Nyo! veil not your eyes;

Behold the purpose of our hapless child.

I offer this privily victim to your wrath.

[She draws near to Sona, pauses a moment, then tears out his eyes—she rushes to the other side, screaming and laughing, and throws herself on the ground.—Sona starts up.

Sona. Friends, awake! Soldiers! help me, I dream;

Wake me. Oh, exquisite torture!—wake me.

Friends, friends, touch me not to me, Oh speak!

Laughter!—her voice—Ah, it cannot be Leba!

It is part of this terrific vision—

I cannot speak,—I am not heard—my voice

I drown in slumber. Alas! none could laugh

At torments such as these. Oh, mercy, mercy!

My eyes are gone!—I feel vacuity,

Where they should be—blood seems trickling forth.

Patience!—it is a dream!—twill soon pass by.

[He pauses.

Shortly after this Leba, "the Yogi's Daughter," sucks her thumb and dies of the poison!—

Comment would only mar the effect of the catastrophe.

*Five Dramas.* By an Englishman. (Saunders & Otley).—Drama, says our Englishman (author, by the way, of "Sketches of English and Scotch Scenery"), is at its lowest ebb in England; and this is owing to the disproportionate public favour bestowed on foreign theatrical wares. How could he, after this, put forth these five plays, announcing the nationality of their author by way of "head and front" to his complete justification of our popular bad taste?—It will be seen, from one solitary specimen, that

in taste and in diction, our "Englishman" outdoes the burlesque caricaturists whom we have so often met in the "Pocket-book" of *Punch*. The second act of the third drama, "Retribution," opens as follows:—

*An Apartment in Millington Hall.*

*Servants ornamenting the apartment with flowers, &c.—Riley and Janet attended by Tailor and Milliner, who determine the arrangement of their new apparel. Janet (to Milliner). The arm is too confined, methinks. [She raises her arm.*

*Milliner. You mean too formal, madam?*

*Janet. Shape thou the dress—not my words.*

*I say the arm is too confined.*

*Milliner. But this is all the fashion now.*

*Janet. Fashion!—to blind a woman's arms?*

*That fashion shall be altered ere I wed.*

*And the skirt!—what think ye of the skirt?*

*[She walks to and fro.*

*Milliner. Perfection, madam.*

*Janet. Then, of course, it must become the wearer.*

*You may depart.*

*[Milliner goes out.*

—The above delicious passage is one among the thousand which this strange volume yields, and will therefore suffice.

The Englishman's "Dramas," however, contain what will seem the wisdom of Solon—the music of "Apollo's lute"—the character of Shakespeare,—if they be measured against a smaller book of rhyme which they have overlaid. This is entitled, *Aquemerrasse; or, a Cataplasm of Columbroot, with Interludal Scraps: a Satire for the Times. Extracted from Part V. of Unpublished Miscellanies.* By Chas. Hancock, Esq. (Saunders & Otley).—We remember Mr. Chadwick's *Oratorio*, also Mr. Warren's "Lily and Bee," but think that in its own style this "Satire for the Times" by Charles Hancock, Esq. exceeds those dithyrambics, memorable as they were. It may be divined that our satirist's subject is the recent schism in the English Church; but of this we are not sure. Neither are we able to discover, when our author fancies himself to be indulging in "doggrel," when he intends to be seriously sharp. What will those who are better skilled in divination than ourselves make of the following? Is it tragedy or comedy?—

Lastly, while doggrel verse excites or warms, One solemn word we wish to add about our singing psalms. In reason and in conscience, they are wrong. Who write or cite, irreverent rhymes, or chimes for holy song!

With jargon slang,

Or nasal twang,

Who cause our tongues to jingle:

And hear'ning ears,

When clerk appears,

With grating tunes to tingle!

It mads and sads

Our village lads,

And fills the heart with ills,

To wile in pain,

The metric strain,

Which chokes our countless choirs.

Priests, for their pets, print hymn-books, now-a-days: But, though devout attempts of some, excite our praise, Poor, by compare with Asaph's lyre, all other would-be lays!

Say, what so rapturous as the Hebrew muse, Which, winning, warms: or, softly warning, woes? On precious anthems ye, from childhood, wont to use!

—Some five-and-twenty years ago, a Haymarket ditty, with its burden about "a sad *Heigh-ho!*" was popular among ballad-singers. Charles Hancock, Esq. has published a sacred "*Heigh-ho!*" among the scraps or miscellaneous rhymes which fill his wondrous pamphlet.—But enough has been said concerning him and them.

*Rome's Red Foot-prints in the Alps; or, the Woes of the Waldenses in 1686 and 1689.* by the Rev. David Drummond, &c. (Hall, Virtue & Co.), is the last piece of minor minstrelsy which we shall include in the present collection. Though it cannot be charged either with the Oriental sublimity of the Eastern Tragedy, with the wit of "Five Dramas," or with the singular pungency of "The Cataplasm," we are sorry to say, that it is no more a poem than they are poems, but merely the old anti-Papistical tale, told in metres the most irregular conceivable, and in a style in which puerility and pathos are

so oddly intermixed that the innocent reader will assuredly laugh in places where no laughter was meant.

*The Life of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke.* By James Prior. Fifth Edition. Revised by the Author. Bohn.

PRIOR'S 'Life of Burke' is the best we have,—though in itself, and in relation to its great subject, it is unsatisfactory. We do not understand the principle on which it has been written. It is manifest that Mr. Prior saw as clearly as other people what circumstances required elucidation, for he approached them with parade and professions which awakened interest. These, however, turned out to be mere flourishings—words and assertions—as if reference to a subject and Mr. Prior's opinion were all the reader could desire. Mr. Prior seems to regard the faithful portraiture of the man, less than the coherency of his own narrative and the self-consistency of his ideal hero. His fault is, that he thinks more of Mr. Prior than of Burke. To a certain extent, this is a fault common to biographies; but we had few examples so startling as Mr. Prior's 'Life of Burke.' As a consequence, it is impossible to find therein satisfactory information on many of the vexed questions—incidents, circumstances, or relationship—in or in connexion with the life of Burke.

A dim light has broken upon us by the publication of this, the fifth, edition. Not that Mr. Prior has said anything to enlighten us—that is not his humour;—not that the reader of this fifth edition is forewarned that there are statements in it contrary to positive statements in preceding editions. Quite otherwise. Mr. Prior assures him, "in testimony of the care with which the work was originally written," that in the many volumes of contemporary men and history since published, "no incident that I have mentioned is contradicted and no new one added." Not one?

This may be true; "incident" is a vague word, and may be largely or narrowly interpreted. If it mean, as will be inferred, that Mr. Prior has seen no reason to alter any of his opinions or qualify any of his statements, then Puck must have taken the manuscript after it had been "revised" by the biographer, and, with especial reference to this self-congratulatory announcement, made changes, which, though innocent in themselves, must be annoying to Mr. Prior. Some of these humorous contradictions are inserted with delicacy and skill, others in wantonness of spirit. A word, a sentence, a mere parenthetical paragraph occasionally runs counter not merely to an "incident," but contradicts and confuses facts, opinions, and pages of argument.

One purpose, manifest enough in former biographies and in former editions of Mr. Prior's work, was to create an impression that Edmund Burke was not, as often asserted, a literary or political adventurer, but the descendant of a long line of estates gentlemen—possibly, as Mr. Peter Burke would have us believe, "a descendant of an off-shoot of Clanricarde," himself a descendant of one of the rough-shod, iron-clad companions of Strongbow. Dr. Bisset, indeed, told us, on the authority of that extraordinary gossip, or worse, Dr. Laurence (Burke's executor), that Burke's grandfather possessed a landed estate of 3,000*l.* a year, which was confiscated! The facts, indeed, when scrutinized, amounted only to a traditional Burke or Bourke, an assumed Mayor of Limerick, and some evidence, which seemed to us reasonable, tending to show that Edmund had a great-grandfather. Then there was a talk about contemporary slander and party misrepresentation, and the reader

was to infer from it that literature was not a necessity of Burke's early life, but its grace and ornament,—that "to accept the reward was not to be in want of it,"—that Burke's father "allowed him 200*l.* per annum, at that time a liberal sum," and dying left "a considerable provision" for all his children; in brief, and on "unquestionable authority," as Mr. Prior called it, with the superadded supererogatory authority of the eternal Dr. Laurence, "that Mr. Burke received from his family at various times a sum little short of 20,000*l.*—a larger patrimony than fell to Mr. Pitt," the son of Chatham,—and, as we will in candour acknowledge, greater than fell to Chatham, the father of Mr. Pitt.

We took leave, as our readers may remember [*Athenæum* Nos. 1363, 4], to laugh at these pretensions—to question even the "unquestionable." Mr. Prior laughed in return; as we infer from the announcement to which we have alluded, that no one incident in the whole of his life of Burke has been contradicted. This assertion will, we fear, make the joke which has been played off on him all the more painful, for hereafter we shall have Prior quoted against Prior,—a painful position for a man who prides himself on the impeccability of his work. We, indeed, except for our sympathy with Mr. Prior, might rejoice, for Puck has not only followed our hints, but without scruple has made this fifth edition contradict all the preceding editions and confirm our speculations. Thus, in the new version of this patrimonial story, Mr. Pitt has fallen out of comparison altogether,—Dr. Laurence does not even appear on the scene,—and Burke himself is brought to prove that the allowance from his father "did not exceed one hundred,"—which allowance, we would remind Mr. Prior, the father soon discontinued. To contradict the "unquestionable," Burke certifies, under his own hand, that his father died worth "very near six thousand pounds,"—which, if it were divided equally, and of this we have doubts, and if there were no more than four children living, as Mr. Prior asserts, would give Edmund a trifle above or about 1,400*l.* As to the estate of inheritance, the patrimonial estate—Clohir—which we were told was the estate of "the great-grandfather," and which, "continuing in the Burke family," came into the possession of Edmund in 1765 on the death of his elder brother, we have a few parenthetical words of great significance, which hint at possibilities heretofore hinted at in the *Athenæum*, for the phrase now runs, "continuing or being repurchased by the Burke family." This makes a vast difference. The fact is, that Garrett Burke, the brother of Edmund, obtained possession of this property under circumstances which gave rise to very angry feelings and litigation, and some time after Edmund had been in possession, he was appealed to by friends who assumed that he could not be aware of the "rights and sufferings" of the person—a relation—who had been deprived of it, or of his interest in it.

Another opinion which we heretofore hazarded was a possibility that the shadowy, indistinct, ever-present, unknown William Burke was the first of the kith or kin that floated to the surface. We showed that William was early and intimately connected with Lord Verney,—a borough proprietor, who had at that time great interest with the Minister; and we thought it probable, from many circumstances, that Edmund was indebted to William for the helping hand which first brought him forward—procured for him the appointment of private secretary to Rockingham and a seat in Parliament. Mr. Prior thought differently—thinks differently—for, after his formal disclaimer, we cannot hold

him responsible for the contradictions in this fifth edition. Mr. Prior told us that,— "through the recommendation of several friends, particularly Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Burke received the appointment of private secretary to that nobleman [Lord Rockingham];" \* \* that by an arrangement with Lord Verney he came immediately into Parliament for Wendover."

We now learn from this fifth edition that,— "through the recommendation of friends, particularly Mr. William Burke [!], as Edmund more than once said, he received the appointment of private secretary to that nobleman [Lord Rockingham];" \* \* that by an arrangement with Lord Verney, for which he was, as he said himself, indebted to William Burke, he came immediately into Parliament as Member for Wendover."

There are, as we showed long since, numberless other mysteries about Burke. After the admissions in this fifth edition—the vast reduction made in the amount of the personal and real property which Burke received from his family—there will be no offence, we hope, in assuming that in 1761 Burke was a struggling man of letters—willing to undertake any literary drudgery—to abridge a history of England, or write and compile a volume of the 'Annual Register'—for the "reward" of one hundred pounds. Yet in three or four years—in 1765—he, with the help of William Burke, became the generous patron of Barry, the painter, whom he sent to Italy, defraying all expenses; and in 1768 he purchased the estate of Gregories, and gave for it, as Mr. Prior says, "above 20,000*l.*"; and he lived there ever after, keeping up the customary establishment of carriages, horses, and servants. Now, where did this money come from? Heretofore, Mr. Prior told us—

"a considerable part undoubtedly was his own, the bequest of his father and elder brother."

This fifth edition has reduced the father's noble to ninepence; and now the unchanged and unchangeable text of Mr. Prior reads:—

"A part undoubtedly was his own, and some portion [it] is believed came from William Burke."

It is curious, considering the changes that have come over this explanation, that the "undoubtedly" should maintain its place with the same modest assurance as before. We must further observe, that as Edmund Burke did not part with the little property at Clohir, bequeathed to him by his brother, for five-and-twenty years or more, we do not see how the bequest could have helped in this purchase of Gregories. As to the advance now assumed, or "believed" to have been derived from William Burke, it would not, if admitted, solve the difficulty: for the money must have been repaid in 1769—the next year—when William, as heretofore shown [No. 1361], was ruined, and eventually forced to fly the country.

There is, in fact, no end to the mysteries in the life of all the Burkes, which only become greater mysteries by the admissions and revelations of this fifth edition. We had read heretofore that Richard Burke possessed certain property, and of "magnitude," in the West Indies:—a circumstance almost as extraordinary as the purchase of Gregories by Edmund. We knew, indeed, that when Monckton took the command of the expedition against Martinique in 1761, Burke's friend, Maclean, embarked with him as a sort of secretary or contractor; and that it was reported, on seemingly good authority, that Maclean contrived in a short time, and by questionable means, to accumulate a large fortune; and that all he made, and all he could raise on credit, to the extent, it was said, of two hundred thousand pounds, he invested in the purchase of lands in Grenada from the French inhabitants, who

were allowed by treaty to sell and withdraw. We knew that in 1769 Macleane and Richard and William Burke were ruined by gambling in India stock, and Monckton and Lord Verney and other of their friends then or soon after:—we knew there was a report that the Burkes' friend, Garrick, lost about that time a large sum of money which he had been tempted to advance on mortgage of lands in some of the conquered colonies; and we had come to the conclusion that possibly Richard, by some sort of legal process, had been put into possession of some of these estates,—that by his personal presence he might save something for mortgagees or joint speculators. Such vague and inconclusive speculations were forced on us by the no-information of the preceding editions of Mr. Prior's work. Some light—there are lights that mislead—has now penetrated the obscurity. Heretofore, we were simply told that—"In this year [1770], Mr. Richard Burke revisited Grenada"; to which is now added, "and made a purchase of property in St. Vincents." It seems strange that a man ruined in 1769 should be the purchaser of property, and Burke said, of "magnitude," in 1770,—still more strange that he should revisit Grenada just when he had made his purchase in St. Vincents. So it was—at least, so we are told. Strange that a biographer should, after so many years, obtain this exact information—time and place—and no more. We wonder at the knowledge:—still more, at the want of knowledge.

The *Athenæum* also ventured to ask for information as to the relationship of the many Burkes found in immediate connexion with Edmund. Mr. Prior now, incidentally, touches on the subject. For the first time, he refers to the story told by the late President of the Academy, of his "meeting," as Mr. Prior reports it, "with a monk named Burke, bearing some resemblance to Edmund." This story, says Mr. Prior, if true,—this "some resemblance" "could be only accidental. None of the family or its earliest connexions knew any other than the three brothers." Here is an odd sort of *non sequitur* refutation. Mr. Prior must have been thinking of something else when he wrote it,—perhaps of what the President *did* say—which we take to be very different from what is above reported, although our authority is the same as that referred to by Mr. Prior. What Galt records is this:—that Mr. West, late in 1763, or early in 1764, within a few months of his leaving Italy, met Edmund Burke at dinner at Dr. Markham's.—

"On being introduced to Burke, he was so much surprised by the resemblance which that gentleman bore to the chief of the Benedictine monks at Parma, that when he spoke he could scarcely persuade himself he was not the same person. This resemblance was not accidental; the *Protestant orator* was, indeed, the *brother of the monk*. It always appeared to Mr. West that there was about Mr. Burke a degree of mystery, connected with his early life, which their long intercourse never tended to explain."

—Mr. Prior's "some resemblance" is, we submit, a very diluted version of this story.

The mystery about Burke's *early* life, be it remembered, continued through life, and was prepared for even after death; for Burke, the last survivor of the family, must have collected, as far as possible, and destroyed, every letter, paper and document that could help us to a conclusion. Of all the letters that passed between father, mother, brothers and sister at that period, only one fragment, we believe, remains, and that was rescued, we are told, from an unsuspected depository—the lining of an old arm-chair.

As, however, Mr. Prior has at last referred

to this story, we ask on what authority he states that "none of the family or its earliest connexions knew any other than the three brothers"? Were any of the family or its earliest connexions living when this fifth edition was revised? Were any of them living when Mr. Prior was born? Mr. Prior, indeed, speaks of information obtained from Shackleton, Burke's schoolfellow, with "whom frequent correspondence was maintained." But surely there must be some mistake here—at least no such correspondence could have been maintained by Mr. Prior, for Richard Shackleton died before Burke, in 1792. The best answer would have been the burial certificates of the children, fourteen or fifteen in all; and as we know the place of residence of the father, these might have been obtained without much difficulty. Mr. Prior knows the value of such evidence;—he travels all the way to Castletown, diocese of Cloyne, to procure a copy of the baptismal register of Mrs. French, Burke's sister: why not have stopped on his way at Dublin, and given us copies of the burial registers of the brothers? Such certificates might help to prove many things. Mr. Prior knows that the assertions about the Benedictine brothers are quite consistent with contemporary assertions about the religion of the Burke family:—he knows that Burke's mother was a Catholic,—his sister "a rigid Roman Catholic,"—that Dr. Nugent, whose daughter Burke married, was a Catholic,—that it was formally reported, over and over again, that Burke himself had been a Roman Catholic, and on such authority that the Duke of Newcastle remonstrated against his appointment as secretary to Rockingham,—that Musgrave, who, so far from being an enemy, avowed a profound respect for the "exalted moral and intellectual" character of Burke, believed it, and gave a circumstantial account of his conversion.—

"Soon after he [Edmund Burke] went to the Temple to study the law, he married a daughter of Doctor Nugent, who had been bred at Douay in Flanders, and was a most bigoted Romanist. A year after he had gone to the Temple, Mr. Griffith, who was at that time serving his apprenticeship to Mr. Burke's father, informed me, that his master sent him to London, relative to some law business, and that Mr. Edmund Burke detained him many days longer than he had permission to remain there: that during his stay, he seemed much agitated in his mind, and that, when they were alone, he frequently introduced religion as a topic of conversation, and said, that he had strong reasons for thinking more favourably of the Romish persuasion than he formerly did. For these reasons, this gentleman assured me, he verily believed, that he was become a convert to popery. Soon after this gentleman's return, Mr. Burke, senior, having heard a report that his son had really changed his religion, was much concerned at it; because he had entertained the most sanguine hopes that he would acquire great wealth and fame at the Irish bar, from practising at which Romanists were excluded by law. He therefore employed Mr. Bowen, his brother-in-law, who, as a linen-merchant, had a very extensive correspondence in London, to make strict enquiry about the conversion of his son. Some days after, Mr. Bowen entered his office, and in the presence of the gentleman who gave me this information, threw him a letter, saying, There, your son is most certainly become a Roman catholic. On reading the letter, Mr. Burke became furious, lamenting that the rising hope of his family was blasted, and that the expense he had been at in his son's education was now thrown away."

Musgrave attributes this change to love for Miss Nugent.

Now, no matter what the motive, such conversions and reconversions are not so exceptional as to excite especial wonder. Burke's assumed conduct agrees exactly with the conduct of Gibbon,—and all we desire is to know the truth. The anxious silence and suppressions

of Burke,—the studied silence of the biographers,—leave us at the mercy of the wildest speculator. There are some years of Burke's life, at the very period referred to, about which we hear nothing, see nothing, know nothing. The biographers are as silent as Burke himself. We glean for ourselves indeed, from scattered paragraphs, what seemingly agrees with Musgrave's story, that Burke, though always designed for the law, entered of the Temple, and, receiving an allowance from his father while a student there, was never called to the Bar;—that his father was incensed against him, and stopped his allowance;—that though Burke wrote a very dutiful letter of regret, and though the father sent him 100*l.* on the publication of the 'Essay on the Sublime,' the father was only reconciled by the intercession of Mr. Agmondisham Vesey, about a twelvemonth before he died;—and that some time or other in this unknown period Burke did marry the daughter of Dr. Nugent. We know that Richard Shackleton, when that kind-hearted man volunteered his public defence of the character of Burke in the London newspapers,—Shackleton who had visited at Burke's house and been visited in Ireland by Burke and his wife,—spoke of Mrs. Burke as "a genteel, well-bred woman of the Roman faith," who "has since conformed legally to the Church of England." Mr. Prior tells us that this was a mistake,—that the daughter of the bigoted Romanist was a Calvinist. Possible, of course: but Burke did not say so. Burke, he tells us, wrote an angry letter to Shackleton,—strange that the letter is not published either by Mr. Prior or in the 'Memoir of Shackleton,'—stating that his table and bed, hitherto sacred, had been for the first time wantonly forced before the public; his life or conduct required no defence; he was accustomed to libels daily and twice a day; and it was great imprudence or worse in others to notice such things, as he never descended to do so himself." Hard and somewhat unfeeling to do this in his old schoolfellow and volunteer advocate; but here is no word about the mischievous mistake in calling Mrs. Burke a Roman Catholic. Surely Mr. Prior's assertion cannot determine this question. Whether Burke had for a moment gone over to the Catholic Church,—whether Miss Nugent was at the time of her marriage a Catholic or a Calvinist,—might, perhaps, be shown by the marriage certificate; but the biographer neither produces it himself nor helps others to find it. Of this influential incident in Burke's life Mr. Prior simply tells us that he was married at Bath, and leaves it to be inferred that it must have been in the year 1757 or 1758. Are we to understand that Mr. Prior does not know when they were married,—that he has not taken the trouble to search the registers,—or that he has searched and cannot find the record? If the latter, the fact would be significant, and ought to have been recorded.

Here, again, we are perplexed, as at starting, to know how to distinguish between jest and earnest in this new edition. Mr. Prior tells us, or leaves us to infer, that he has seen no reason to change any of his opinions: yet we find—in this fifth edition—that the many pages in proof that Junius was an Irishman and Burke Junius—by far the best argued question throughout the work—are gone! It was all, we are now told, a mere speculative pleasantry, inserted to humour one of Mr. Burke's "relatives." Mr. Prior had no faith in his own argument! Is this fact or fiction? Is Mr. Prior in earnest now, or was he in earnest in the four preceding editions? Is it Mr. Prior that is speaking, or Mr. Puck? Fortunately, we are not called on to solve these riddles. Finding ourselves puz-

zled and perplexed, we shall end, as we began, with an acknowledgment that Prior's 'Life of Burke' is the best we have,—and a word of regret that it is not better. The original work was the worse for the influence of the "relative" referred to, and this fifth edition is all the worse for its pretension to sufficiency and consistency.

*The United Provinces in 1672 and 1673*—[*La République des Provinces Unies, &c.*]. By W. J. Knoop. Translated into French by P. G. Booms. Paris, Müller Frères.

The gallant defence of a nation assailed by invaders, is one of those episodes in which history assumes the charm and brightness of romance. It touches the best sympathies—it awakens the loftiest recollections—it enjoys the most enduring and the purest glory. Great acts of conquest are not to be related without some prelude of apology, and the more widely they swept the world the more art is required to reconcile us to the devastations and the sorrows produced by them. In these enterprises of arms every triumph may have been a crime; but a people encircled by enemies, and resisting them on every side, infallibly wins victories over which all posterity exults, or suffers misfortunes which become the subjects of historical tragedy. Such have been the favourite passages in the records of states and empires since antiquity;—such have been the feelings with which the mind has thrilled and kindled as it reviewed the heroic succession of Marathon—Salamis—the assault of Rome—the siege of Constantinople—the sallies of the Florentines—the defeat of the Spanish Armada—the struggle of the First French Republic—the mortal fight of Kosciusko—and the last defence of Rome and Venice; names and events, worn by repetition, yet always poetical, since they are associated with the efforts of courage against power.

The Dutch have, in their history, two of these epic pages,—the war of liberty against Spain, and the war of defence against France,—and they are proud of them. Nor is theirs a silent, imperturbable pride. We sometimes connect with Holland the idea of a phlegmatic population, immersed in pedantry at Leyden, or in trade at Amsterdam, or in dull industry about their swampy fields; but the Dutch are a people of some imagination, and almost excel the French in vanity. Their literature is characterized by exuberance of diction and freedom of ideas. They dwell on their national achievements with intense delight; they praise themselves with the zest of Delaware warriors; and, in their chronicles, heroes desile before us in extraordinary throngs. Long ago their world of letters was flattered by the thought that it contained a native Sappho, since they gave that appellation to their poetess Anna Vischer; and they recount, in the same airy and florid strain, whole catalogues of generals, admirals, and statesmen, each—as an Arabian novelist or an Irish historian would say—more illustrious than the other.

An historian relating to a people so familiar with the use of superlatives in self-laudation a narrative of real constancy and heroism could satisfy them with nothing less triumphant in its tone than one of the pean songs of Pindar. The Dutch are accustomed to be told that they gain continually (*journellement*) over the brown and black savages of the Malay islands victories which stand in very close relation to the achievements of Cimon and Miltiades. What, then, had Major Knoop to do when he undertook to condense the story amplified by Sypestein and Debordes of the defence of Holland in 1672 and 1673, against Louis the Fourteenth and his league of allies? He had been

regarded by his countrymen as one of their historical champions ever since he acquired his first reputation by an angry and dashing attack on Capt. Siborne, who, in his opinion, depreciates the share which the army of the Netherlands took in the war of 1815. He was now, therefore, under a sort of compulsion to deal largely in panegyric, and he had a proper occasion for doing this; but he chose, we think, the wrong method when he disparaged the most distinguished prowess of the invader, and sought, by odious comparisons, to revive an obsolete bitterness between the British and Dutch nations.

In the story of those two memorable years, names glorious to Holland occur as frequently as on the flag of one of her oldest regiments. It was a short, but an exciting, period. There were the signal, the alarm—the consultation—the gathering—the arming—the error of the earlier movements—the resistance—the wavering conflict—the nation hard pressed and rising under every stroke—the eloquence of soldiers firing the troops and the people to action, and the last and desperate resolve to destroy their country rather than surrender it. One of the greatest kings of France, and one of the greatest kings of England, with Turenne, Condé, De Vauban, De Ruyter, De Witt and Luxembourg are associated with the struggle; and had Major Knoop depicted its incidents more as an artist and less as a critic, his talents would have enabled him to produce an effective and dramatic series of tableaux. It was unnecessary to heighten his eulogies of William the Third by trying to prove that his defence of Holland against Louis the Fourteenth infinitely surpassed the defence of Greece against Darius and Xerxes. The French monarch, it is true, has been egregiously flattered; his passage of the Rhine, which Napoleon, perhaps not quite impartially, described as a military operation of the fourth order, has been compared with the most splendid feats on record,—but it is no part of an historian's task to indulge in the repartee of extravagance. Our Dutch major of infantry laughs at the hyperbole of calling the Rhine the king of European rivers; but is it less or more absurd to degrade it into the "rivulet of an idyl"? Major Knoop's sarcasm cuts both ways. He is disparaging Louis and praising William; but, while the glory of the former dwindles when he is described fighting his way over a petty stream, is the science of the latter exalted by showing that he selected as his main line of defence a rill only fit to add its murmurs to the music of a pastoral poem?

The Major in his fragmentary but suggestive narrative eulogizes Vauban; but had he studied the great master of attack and defence, he would have been more cautious in "advancing by parallels." It may be permissible to misrepresent the size of a river; but it is fit that writers should be checked when, by ignorant comparisons, they imply charges of wholesale and indiscriminate murder. For example, the Duke of Alba left a reputation stained with the blood of that massacre by which he cut off the inhabitants of Haarlem; the ravages of the Palatinate are among the notorious atrocities of modern history; and the caves of Dara furnish a companion sketch to the horrors enacted at the siege of Brescia: but was not the list complete without including in it the British generals who cut down the mulberry-trees at Cabul? It is one thing to say that there were wanton ravages committed in Afghanistan, and another, and a totally different thing, to compare them with the bloodshed which glutted the sword of the ferocious Duke of Alba. If Major Knoop had only desired to multiply the associates in cruelty of Marshal Luxembourg, his historical studies

might surely have suggested the names of Vlaming and Valkenier. It was unfortunate that these topics were introduced into a book avowedly designed only to prove to the people of Holland that they have, within their own borders, resources of defence and securities for liberty which, if they are true to themselves, may always be assailed in vain. Major Knoop has arranged in contrast the forces opposed to each other in the celebrated war of 1672 and 1673. The French, besides their allies of Cologne and Munster, had, he says, 100,000 men under arms, already rich in trophies, with an ambitious and brilliant prince at their head, a chivalrous nobility in their ranks, and the great Condé and Turenne among their leaders. The Dutch at first had no allies, though afterwards joined by Spaniards and Germans; but they had a superior fleet at sea, which Tromp had armed with discipline, which Blake had piqued into emulation, and which Ruyter now commanded. Their land forces, however, composed of 60,000 troops, were ill organized and poor. No spirit remained in the government,—a statement which Major Knoop enforces by relating an anecdote. During the early part of the war, he says, the immediate reduction of Dutch strongholds by the enemy had become so common, that it was supposed a natural result for a fortress to surrender after a certain duration of siege. When, therefore, the governor of Cœverden sent to demand additional provisions, on account of his supplies being only sufficient for a few days, his government coolly replied, that it was quite unnecessary to send him any more, as the French sieges rarely lasted so long, and the place would probably be captured before all the beef was eaten!

In fact, during many weeks the invasion rolled steadily on, until Amsterdam itself was threatened. Then the Dutch rose. Winter, which as with ramparts of ice guards the Russian empire, endangered Holland, for it froze pathways over the floods with which the people had covered their gardens, their fields and their roads, to check the enemy's advance. All hearts swelled as the peril increased; and they resolved to open new sluices to bury their land under water, and fly to found a new state in Asia rather than sacrifice their independence.

This magnificent contest Major Knoop describes in vigorous language; though he fails to draw pictures. His translator has rendered the narrative in an animated style, so that the book, which is very small, has much intrinsic attraction in addition to its interest as a specimen of military studies on the Dutch model.

*Heliondé; or, Adventures in the Sun.* Chapman & Hall.

*Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life; or, Neptune's Light as Great as Ours.* By T. C. Simon. Bosworth.

Farquhar, in his dedication of 'The Recruiting Officer,' says, "My play came out on the third night of D'Urfey's, who brought down a huge flight of frightful birds upon me. . . . With these three I engaged his whole empire, which I think was as great a wonder as any in the Sun." These words are unintelligible to most modern readers; but they refer to a celebrated, lumbering opera of D'Urfey's, which was played a few nights, some century and a half ago, and which did not realize half as much money as was thrown away on its "getting up." The title of this piece was, 'Wonders in the Sun; or, the Kingdom of the Birds.' In it the author affects to describe, as the author of 'Heliondé' does in his book, the manners of the solar inhabitants; and in doing so, D'Urfey has condescended to borrow from Brome's 'Antipodes' without ac-

knowledging his obligation. We notice these facts because of all the visionary voyagers who have preceded the author of 'Heliond' to the bright residence of which he discourses so pleasantly, the names of D'Ursey and of Brome take foremost rank.

It is not true, although so great a man as Bessel has declared it to be so, that "those who imagine inhabitants in the moon and planets suppose them, in spite of all their pretensions, as like to men as one egg is to another." The author of this voyage to the Sun, who writes thus in his Preface, might have cited to the contrary the assertion of Neocles of Crotona. That sage maintained that the lady matrons in the moon were given to lay eggs, and that the male children hatched from them grew to fifteen times the stature and the strength of common humanity. But Neocles was wise only after the fashion noticed by Congreve, who remarks that "pure wisdom is nothing but pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing."

Our author agreeably conveys to his readers a considerable amount of information touching traditional ideas connected with the "fountain of light." He has overlooked the Indian tradition mentioned by Purchas, that the existing luminary (of Purchas's time) is the fifth that has occupied the brilliant position in which it shines. The first sun perished by water, the second by a fall from the heavens, the third by fire,—and at each of these catastrophes the whole human race perished also. When the fourth was destroyed by a tempest of air and wind, mankind was metamorphosed into apes; but with the creation of the fifth there appeared upon earth a new human couple, whose office it was to teach to the generation rising about them the principles of the happy dwellers who sojourned in the Sun. If we are to judge of those principles by the conduct of the descendants of this fifth pair of progenitors, they must have been something like those which influenced Capt. Bluffe, who exclaims, in the old comedy, "D—n your morals! I must revenge the affront done to my honour."

In 'Heliond' all, however, is *couleur de rose*. The people of the Sun are spotless, though the Sun itself is not so. The author takes us there picturesquely,—not so easy a matter to achieve after Mr. Landor's description of the famous journey to the "Fountain of Arethusa." Like the last-named book, 'Heliond' has a moral in it, and a purpose. We will not say what the moral is, but if it do not prevent people from going to sleep on damp grass it has been enunciated to very little purpose. As to the object of the book, it consists chiefly in this, that while we are astounded with the wonders told us in the text, we are informed in foot-notes that these wonders are familiar to us here upon earth, and only unheeded because they are familiar. Nevertheless, there are some things in the Sun which we can never expect, however earnestly we may desire it, to see common with us here below. For instance:—

"The class of men answering to those we term 'cabmen, cads, conductors, and omnibus-drivers,' were highly educated and refined gentlemen, and they drove you wherever you desired for a polite speech or agreeable sentiment. The manner of hiring a public vehicle was in this wise. When you required a conveyance, you descended from the broadway or terrace appropriated to the promenades, down to the roadway, the exclusive domain of Jehu. When here, you walked a little way on, and up drives a cab, and the gentleman who propels it reverentially bows, and expresses a hope that you are not fatigued. To this you reply you feel a little so, but you beg that he will not give himself any concern on your account. Upon which,

with alacrity he dismounts from his seat, opens the door of his vehicle, and earnestly presses you to honour his carriage with your presence. You here demur a little, but in the most courteous-like terms, till you observe that you are likely to give the gentleman cause for sorrow if his offer be longer refused, whereupon you yield gracefully to the reiterated courtesy, and enter the carriage, intimating that on no account will you permit him to drive you further than a portion of your journey. Benign smiles are his only response, and he sets you down at your journey's end, however great the distance. When you alight, you give utterance to some charming little aphorism, which is the only guerdon our Chesterfield expects, and in return he utters some exquisite line of poetry, and with mutual good wishes and amicable gestures, you separate, satisfied and charmed with each other. Cabbie drives off delighted with the urbanity of his 'fare,' and 'fare' enters his domicile, only regretting his short acquaintance with 'cabbie.'

Is not this a case wherein to say *O sic utinam?* We may observe here, that although the author has shown much originality and much fertility of imagination in his details, the idea of making a fair speech pass as current coin is not a new one. The tailor Vertigo, in 'The Maid in the Mill,' asks for no other payment than expressions of love in return for his handwork:

Good faith, the least thought in my heart; your love, gentlemen;  
Your love's enough for me. Money! hang money.  
Let me preserve your love.

If in the Sun, as described in 'Heliond,' there be many wonders common to Earth, the latter has one which the Sun cannot boast of.—

"We were now ascending a flight of stairs composed of sapphires exquisitely engraved, and my friend, taking me by the arm, led me into a chamber of vast extent, which proved to be neither more nor less than a library; but what struck me as most strange were a number of machines beneath different openings in the roof, apparently of a most complicated description. Before I inquired the meaning of this, I took down one of the volumes, and opening it, I was puzzled to make out the characters. Alütedon here informed me that authors had no occasion to employ manual labour in their publications, for they had only to repeat their ideas aloud, and the vibrations of the air, differing according to the words used, set in motion a very delicate machinery which stamped indelibly the language expressed. Copies could afterwards be taken in any number. These machines, however, refused to perform their office when the author's ideas were either obscure, illogical, old, or erroneous. This criticism by machinery served to keep down the weeds of literature; and when an author found a blank upon the tablet, he usually relinquished that particular train of thought, and either mended it or took to another. The critics were thus saved a vast amount of labour, and the literature of the Sun was necessarily exceeding choice."

—But the literary public in the Sun must also necessarily possess but a spiritless weekly record of literary progress. Where all is perfect the critic loses his calling,—and the public has an enjoyment the less.

The author touches more upon solar literature than solar law. He does not appear to have met with many lawyers during his sojourn, and was only significantly smiled at when he inquired after those highly-principled beings. But there could be no vocation for them in such a state of society as is described in 'Heliond'; neither do we meet with what ought not to be found in this less favoured planet, namely, an ultra-pious publisher who defrauds his authors, and laughs at them over his wine for allowing themselves to be defrauded. But we turn for another extract to a pleasanter subject than either law or literature, the subject of love—*as it is in the Sun.*—

"When one young couple mutually fall in love, truly and fondly, their personal beauty increases to a degree which is apparent to every one, and the more it is visible, the more certain is everybody that

their affection for one another is sincere."—*And then they marry?*—*Yes.*—*How wonderful is this.*—*What, that they should marry?*—*No, Alütedon; but that love should increase loveliness.*—*Not at all. With us it is a sentiment that ennobles, refines, and elevates the character, and our inward faculties exhibit themselves in external forms of harmony.*—*Does their beauty diminish after marriage?*—*Again I perceived a wicked twinkle in Alütedon's eyes, as he answered: 'No; except from the natural decay of age.'*—*Then young married people are handsomer than single?*—*Certainly; why should they not be? From this, there is a prospective inducement to enter into wedlock; were the single people the most beautiful, present temptation might lead to ulterior unhappiness.*—*When is the culminating point of their beauty?*—*At the culminating point of attachment!*"

But we must leave the traveller to the Sun without touching on the details of the story connected with his narrative, and with a word of commendation for the fancy displayed in his book. We turn, then, to a more serious subject.

The second volume noticed above is a calm, sensible, and able examination of that celebrated essay which, under the name of 'The Plurality of Worlds,' professed to establish, among other things, the alleged and unwelcome facts that the moral agent, Man, could not subsist upon any planet of any system, except on that which is the third in order outwards from the Sun of each system; and that the rest of the universe is a universe of brutes, and "such brutes!" The author examines upon what grounds—upon what merely astronomical grounds—the writer alluded to denies that the stellar planets are opaque bodies; and he in the same way examines various other assertions or suggestions laid down by the father of the brute hypothesis. Mr. Simon concludes, from analogy, that the eight known planets of our system are inhabited, and also that the stars have opaque planetary systems resembling our own. The line taken by Mr. Simon is the proper one, because the author of the 'Plurality' not only asserted that there was, most probably, no moral government in any other world of our system except this, but he maintained "that analogy, in this case, however strong, was to be considered of no weight at all, upon the plea that there was either too little or too much heat and light in the other planets for moral agents—that things are a great deal too heavy in one of them, and that some are composed wholly of water:—that he should have done this without that thorough investigation of the facts which we have here shown to have been omitted on his part, cannot fail to surprise even his greatest admirers, and must long remain a monument of the 'boldness,' the 'guessing' and the levity with which learning unprofitably—it must be unconsciously—has too often arraigned the providence of our Great Architect." This will serve to indicate the purpose, method and conclusions of a work which is written in a spirit of calm but earnest philosophy, and a perusal of which will gratify all who are equally earnest in the cause of truth.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*A History of the Book of Common Prayer; with a Rationale of its Offices.* By the Rev. Francis Procter, M.A. (Cambridge, Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Hardwick's 'History of the Church during the Middle Ages,'—the first of a series of "Cambridge Theological Manuals," which we noticed in the *Athenæum*, No. 1378, p. 367,—is now appropriately followed by a history of the Prayer-Book. The theme is a good one; and it is treated by the author generally in a fair spirit. Passages occasionally occur which are over-laudatory, and others which are needlessly sharp and prejudiced in reference to the Puritans; but these are faults which it seems almost impossible for men of the author's profes-

sion to avoid. The spirit which has generally pervaded the clergy when dealing with the Prayer-Book is aptly illustrated by a circumstance in the history of the book itself. When the new Liturgy was in process of settlement, shortly after the accession of Elizabeth, the question arose—In what part of the church should the service be read? The second Prayer-Book of Edward the Sixth gave a distinct and reasonable answer—“In such place as the people may best hear,”—not necessarily where the mass had been accustomed to be said, in which the people were for the most part spectators, but where they might best hear that in which they were called upon to bear a part. But this did not suit what is called the “moderation” of the men who were in power at Elizabeth’s accession. Their object was to frame a service, which although substantially different, should look as much like the old service as possible. The Edwardian direction was therefore laid aside, and that which now stands before the Prayer-Book put in its place:—Hear, or not hear, the service was to be read “in the accustomed place.” In many other matters relating to this subject, what has been “accustomed” is the rule. Considerations of what is reasonable are seldom thought of, and still more seldom encouraged. A spirit of undue deference to the “accustomed,” however objectionable in many respects, is sure to produce curious and valuable books, because antiquity is ransacked to furnish authorities even for the merest trifles. The book before us is of that class. It is a *résumé* of all that has been done in the way of investigation in reference to the Prayer-Book. We admire the author’s diligence, and bear willing testimony to the extent and accuracy of his reading. The works of Palmer, Cardwell, Clay, Maskell, and Lathbury, in our time,—and those of Comber, Sparrow, and Wheatly in the last century, with the older authorities upon which they were built,—have all been used most diligently; and the result is a well-considered compilation fully bearing out its title. The author writes clearly,—his authorities are carefully stated,—the origin of every part of the Prayer-Book has been diligently investigated,—and there are few questions or facts connected with it which are not either sufficiently explained, or so referred to that persons interested may work out the truth for themselves. We should have preferred throughout a tone of greater freedom in judgment; but, with that exception, the volume is most satisfactory.

*The History of the Chartist Movement, from the Commencement to the Present Time.* By R. S. Gammage. (Holyoake.)—The climax of this history has now been reached. Mr. Gammage describes the “monster petition,” the Welsh riots, and the Monmouthshire trials. It was at this part of the narrative that a display of temper was necessary, and we are not disappointed at the writer’s manner of dealing with incidents which provoked so much passion and so much controversy. Mr. Gammage presents neither a violent nor a partial statement; and we notice that his political inquiries have forced him to reject and to reprove many of the plans and acts of the “Chartist” leaders in 1839.

*Flax and Hemp: their Culture and Manipulation.* By E. S. Delamer. (Routledge & Co.)—We have here another attempt to persuade our agriculturists to undertake the raising of flax and hemp in large quantities. At present, the writer complains, they are regarded—when grown at all—as curiosities rather than as legitimate crops. The climate and the soil of Great Britain and Ireland are, however, favourable to their culture;—the necessary processes may be easily learnt,—the required machinery is at hand,—and nothing but apathy or ignorance can retard the “restoration” of textile plants to an important place in the husbandry of the United Kingdom. Mr. Delamer’s treatise, compiled from various sources, is the most complete that has been published in a cheap form. Its utility is enhanced by illustrations of the flax plant, at different stages of its growth, and of the implements best adapted to be of service in its cultivation. Mr. Delamer evidently writes with a full knowledge of the subject.

*Charade Dramas for the Drawing-Room.* By Anne Bowman. (Routledge & Co.)—We trust that Miss Bowman’s “young friends,” who may take parts in these dramas, will not learn to believe that ladies, baronets, and captains in general are wont to speak in the style here ascribed to them. Christmas mummers may play fantastic tricks, but the soliloquies and dialogues of Miss Bowman’s heroes and heroines are too unnatural even for the little brief romance of a Christmas gathering.

*The Task: a Poem.* By William Cowper. Illustrated by Birket Foster. (Nisbet & Co.)—There was a time when Annuals and “Trash-Art” threatened to effect irreparable injury. We have survived the crisis, and the handsome volume before us might be cited as one of the proofs of the fact. Mr. Foster’s illustrations are masterly translations of the poet, and the magic of the artist’s hand is to the full as potent as that of the poet’s pen. As the reader breathes the morning air, hears the whispers of the foliage, listens to the rippling brook, and enjoys half-a-hundred other delights, through Cowper’s words—so, with a glance at Mr. Foster’s illustrations, does he find himself deep embowered in leafy shades, loitering by the stile, walking in trim gardens, measuring the wide heath, or meeting the labouring wain in heavy road and narrow lane,—and with an air of exquisite reality about all. It was the maxim of De Boufflers, that he who would please every body must possess an incalculable amount of art. In a better sense than was meant by De Boufflers has Mr. Foster this desirable possession, for we cannot conceive of any one looking on these illustrations of ‘The Task’ without delight.

*The Sorrows of the Streets.* By M. A. S. Barber. (Nisbet.)—A little collection of stories and sketches, designed to stimulate charity. The writer seems to have a personal acquaintance with the characters as well as the scenes he describes, and his well-meant appeal will probably touch the sympathies of many who are indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, because they fail to realize a knowledge of their condition. It were well, however, if a plea for the houseless wanderers of London could be indited in a style more applicable to the social conditions under which we live. It would also be wise on the part of Mr. Barber to leave Vishnu and Siva out of the question. Is it not possible to reform the wicked, and to cherish the desolate in our own land, without malignant allusions to the certain doom of innumerable millions of the human race?

*Early Christianity in Arabia: a Historical Essay.* By T. Wright. (Quaritch.)—In this historical essay we have the result of Mr. Wright’s early studies in Oriental literature and in those obscure records which bear on the state of the East at a period anterior to Mohammed’s conquest. Through the glimmerings of tradition we discern in that province of the Arabian peninsula called the Happy, an active people, who lived in luxury on their abounding plains. Pastures and plantations, naturally rich, afforded them subsistence; they laboured only for their own pleasure,—they amassed the stores of an imperial opulence,—they were sumptuous without effemiancy, and spoiled their splendours by no corruption. Scholars and poets were their favoured guests. Such was the picture of Yemen, with its Sabean inhabitants, which the ancients possessed; but the country passed through many changes, and a far different scene was opened to the sight of conquering Islam when the last of the independent chiefs ruled and died. Mr. Wright has diligently collected materials for a view of the peninsula, under its early Christian aspects, and has, with some scholarship, compared the testimony of writers in Europe and Asia. His book is little more than a fragment and a study; but it is meritorious as an example of careful research and honest criticism. We have much respect for any earnest endeavour to throw light on the politics and on the social and intellectual history of such distant periods, and of races which, like the Arabian, have been wholly changed or totally destroyed.

*Poland: its History, Constitution, Literature, Manners, Customs.* By Count V. Krasinski. Part I.

(Chapman & Hall).—A work on Poland is well timed just now. Count Krasinski is right when he observes that, in England, the politicians of the spelling-book have a certain number of phrases in their mouths, which they suppose to present a summary of Polish history. A country vexed by anarchy, and wasted by misrule,—a nation which enjoyed, without deserving, high gifts of fortune, and lost them through its own perversity,—a state whose miseries could only be ended by the interposition of its neighbours,—such is the short record contained in vulgar tradition. The object of Count Krasinski’s book is two-fold:—to show that the past of Poland was not shameful, and that her future is not destroyed. As far as he has yet written he displays the spirit of an historian, and brings his countrymen to judgment freely; but, with no disposition to convert history into advocacy, he lays open the annals of a brave, free and liberal people, exhibiting in their rasher prowess that indomitable courage which is the soul of patriotism, and which, in their prostration, forbids them, like the Roman and the Venetian, to despair of their commonwealth.

*A Treatise on the Elements of Algebra.* By G. Ainsworth, B.A., and J. Yeats, is derived in a great measure from Continental sources. It comprises all the subjects usually discussed in works on algebra, without exhibiting any marked improvement in the methods employed. On the contrary, those here given are sometimes inferior to what we have been accustomed to see in English works. This remark is especially applicable to the mode of demonstrating the Binomial theorem, which is sadly cumbersome.—*The Science of Arithmetic: a Systematic Course of Numerical Reasoning and Computation, with very Numerous Exercises,* by James Cornwell, Ph.D., and Joshua G. Fitch, M.A., is better in aim than in execution. We quite approve of the attempt to make arithmetic more of a science than is frequently the case in school books, but we wish the task had fallen into more competent hands. There is a want of precision and finish in the mathematical phraseology; but a much more lamentable display of ignorance in the classical derivations. Greek words are used which are not to be found in any Greek writer, lexicographer, or grammar. We are surprised to find persons with such titles appended to their names capable of these blunders. It would have been far better to have made no reference to the Greek than to teach error.

We have to record the appearance of another little volume belonging to “Grieg’s School Series.” It is from the prolific pen of Mr. Tate, and treats of *Mechanics and the Steam Engine* in a popular but satisfactory manner. The matter contained in *Rules for the Gender of Latin Nouns, and the Perfects and Supines of Verbs,* by the Rev. H. Haines, M.A., may be found in any good Latin grammar, and was not worth publishing in a separate form. *The Treatise on Practical Mathematics* in Messrs. Chambers’s “Educational Course,” which has just reached another edition, is a most comprehensive and useful work, comprising logarithms, trigonometry, mensuration, gauging, levelling, land surveying, navigation, &c., all well explained.

The compiler of *Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Writing, and Pronunciation* goes, at least, to the point. We hope, however, that in a little volume particularly “intended for the use of those who have received what is generally considered a fair education,” the warning not to employ such a phrase as “Whose are these here books!” is superfluous. “Court-of-arms” instead of “coat-of-arms” is not, we should think, a mistake of “daily occurrence.”—*Conversation: a Lecture,* by F. Trench, is a pleasant and sensible discourse, not only didactic, but suggestive.—While dealing with formal recommendations for the benefit of persons willing to take counsel as to the conduct of life, we must give a word of peculiar praise to Mr. W. H. Grey’s *Few Remarks on the Importance of keeping Correct Accounts of Household Expenditure.* It is compact, pithy, and full of wholesome advice. Mr. Grey points out clearly the social evil of which he complains, and brings some good reasoning to bear on the ways and means of the wealthy “in

times like these."—Relating to topics of present interest we have the Earl of Mount-Edgecombe's Address to the House of Peers *On the Militia Bill, and on the Effects of Past Legislation on the Present War*. His view, as he quaintly sums it up, is, that England must "forbid the banns between great attempts and small preparations,"—in other words, that our military establishments ought to be made more powerful. For the sake of historical good faith, however, he would do well to revise his statement, that "the parsimony" of the "people" has caused the sufferings of our army in the Crimea.—The Society of Friends have met with a vigorous answer to their "Appeal" in *How the Society of Friends provokes War*. The writer is civil to his antagonists while he informs them, as a Turk would put it, that they are the fathers of ignorance, strife, and confusion.—Neck-and-neck with Mr. Morell, Count Krasinski carries on his warfare against Russia and Russian ideas, summing up his views in a *Coup d'Œil sur l'Etat Actuel de l'Europe*. He is neither so fearless nor so liberal as Mr. Morell; but his criticism of the Czar, as an arbiter in the affairs of Europe, is rapid, pointed, and convincing. He defends the Turkish empire, and advises that the Western Powers should excite fanaticism, revolution, and all other inflammatory elements, within the realms of the Emperor Nicholas.—We need only mention the titles of such publications as the following:—Mr. J. H. Ridley's *Losses at Sea: their Causes and Means of Prevention*,—O'Byrne's *Monthly Navy List*,—Mr. Tidd Pratt's *Suggestions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies*,—*Instructions in Book-keeping for Friendly Societies*, issued from the Official Registrar's department,—and *The Poultry-keeper's Pocket Almanack*.—Mr. William Fothergill Cooke has produced a pamphlet entitled *The Electric Telegraph: Was it Invented by Professor Wheatstone?* We may spare ourselves the trouble of examining his statement, because in the last paragraph we find a question, with a reply: "Did he (Professor Wheatstone) invent the Electric Telegraph? The award answers, No! and my forthcoming volume will show that the answer is not given on insufficient grounds!" This pamphlet, then, is the preface to a volume. We are sorry that Mr. Cooke has thought proper to write in a tone so angry as to seem malevolent.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ahn's (Dr.) French Reader, English Notes, First Course, 22. 6d. cl. Alford's (Rev. H.) Greek Testament, Vol. 2, 2nd edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Barrow's Summer Tour in Central Europe, 1832-3, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Bede's (Rev. C.) Photographic Pleasures, or, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. gilt. Bellenger's Modern French Conversations, 22nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Bell's (Rev. C.) History of Anti-Slavery Banking, and edit. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl. Black's New Map of Europe, 1832, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Bland's (Rev. C.) History of France, 1832, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Blue Beard, by Peter the Square, 1s. 6d. swd. Burghersh; or, Pleasures of a Country Life, Illust. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. Canton's (E.) Surgical and Pathological Observations, 8vo. 7s. cl. Constable's (Rev. C.) *Gregory's Travels* in Corsica, 7s. Constable's (Rev. C.) *Wise Women* by Mrs. C. L. Burleigh, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. De Porqueret's First French Reading-Book, 24th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Egans's (C.) *Wills of Bills of Sale*, 12mo. 3s. bds. Forbes's (Dr.) *Tours of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa*, 8vo. 5s. cl. Forster's (Rev. C.) *Geography of the British Islands*, 1832, 4th ed. cl. Gay's (J.) *Memoir on Indolent Ulcer*, post 8vo. 6s. cl. Godfrey's (Rev. N. S.) *Conflict and Triumph*, er. 8vo. 6s. cl. Great Battles of the British Army, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Great and Good Illustrations in Six Sketches, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Hall's (Rev. C.) *Saints*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Handbook of French Literature, 1832, 3s. 6d. cl. Harvey's Whatshall I do with my Money? 7th edit. 2s. cl. swd. La Bagatelle, new and revised edition, 18mo. 3s. bds. Leechman's (J.) *Choral Book*, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Morton's *Handbook of Arterial Anatomy*, 4th ed. 12mo. 3s. cl. M'Vilpont's (Dr.) *Truth and Life*, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Mayhew's Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher, 2nd edit. 6s. cl. Müffling's *Missions to Constantinople & Petersburg*, 1839, 30. 6d. cl. Massey's (G.) *Baldin Babe Christabel*, 9th edit. 12mo. 5s. cl. Magnay's (Rev. C.) *Sermmons*, 12mo. 5s. cl. New *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 10th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Orr's *Circle of Sciences*, "Organic Nature," Vol. 2, 12mo. 6s. cl. Paton's (A.) *Bulgaricus, Turk, and German*, 12mo. 5s. cl. Pellow's (Dr.) *Seven Ages of a Christian's Life*, 12mo. 2s. cl. Pirret's (Dr.) *Ethics of the Sabbath*, 12mo. 4s. cl. Pirret's (Dr.) *History of the Sabbath*, 12mo. 4s. cl. Roberts's (Rev. T.) *God and his Works*, er. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Salvator Rosa's *Life and Times*, by Lady Morgan, new edit. 3s. 6d. cl. Schacht (Dr.) *On the Microscope*, by F. Currey, M.A., 2nd edit. 6s. cl. Secret History of a Household, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl. Stirling's (Sir J.) and Lumley's *Memories by Demistion*, 2 vols. 21s. cl. Wilson's (A. S.) *Unity of Matter*, or. 8vo. 3s. cl. swd.

## EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

It affords no small gratification to announce that, after five years' unceasing and determined efforts, the grand attempt for discovering and laying open Inner Africa, known as the "Expedition to Central Africa," has been crowned with a fresh success—more important than all previous ones—by the return of the exploring steamer Pleiad, after a most successful voyage up the River Chadda.

It is not a slight tribute of justice to that noble-minded and distinguished traveller, Dr. Barth—who, we fear, is now no more—to premise that the Chadda Expedition has fully confirmed the importance of his discoveries in 1851, which led to the despatch of the Pleiad; and it is interesting at the present juncture to quote the identical words, in which he announced at the time his discovery in the official despatch addressed to the British Government:—"The most important day, however, in all my African journeys was the 13th of June [1851], when we reached the River Benueh, at a point called Taépe, where it is joined by the River Faro. Since leaving Europe, I had not seen so large and imposing a river. The Benueh, or 'Mother of Waters,' which is by far the larger one of the two, is half a mile broad and 94 feet deep in the channel where we crossed it." &c. &c.

This discovery was considered by all competent persons as one of great importance; and the Geographical Society of Paris gave Dr. Barth their large medal on account of that discovery. Being struck by the immense advantages that might accrue by following up this discovery, I first suggested the idea of the despatch of a steam-boat to ascend the Chadda-Benueh [see *Athenæum*, No. 1309], as it was my humble opinion that this river would "eventually form the natural and most important line from the west for spreading commerce and civilization into the very heart of Inner Africa, and extinguishing the slave trade by extending European influence to the sources of the slave supply." This suggestion was adopted; and the Chadda Expedition determined upon and sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government.

The Pleiad left England in the latter end of May last under the most favourable auspices [see *Athenæum*, Nos. 1387, 1388, and 1389], and reached Fernando Po on the 26th of June. Here she was to receive an augmentation to her forces in the person of Mr. Consul Bencroft as Commander; but owing to the lamented death of this experienced African traveller, Dr. W. B. Baikie, R.N., was appointed as the temporary leader of the Expedition,—and subsequently assumed the entire charge, when, in the beginning of the voyage, the sailing-master, in consequence of incapacity and apathy, was displaced.

The Pleiad steamed up the Niger Delta in the beginning of July,—ascended the Chadda 250 miles above Allen and Oldfield's furthest point,—and reached to within about 50 miles of the confluence of the Benueh and Faro, the furthest ever reached by a European vessel on an African river. Thus, it has been proved that the Chadda and Benueh are one and the same river, and that this river is navigable up to Yola, the capital of Adamaua, visited by Dr. Barth. The longitude of the positions assigned by the latter to that region is upwards of one degree too far to the east, which corresponds with the difference found by Dr. Vogel in the countries round Lake Tad.

The river was in high flood and plenty of water, and the goodwill and friendship of the natives were universally secured. On the 7th of November last the Pleiad had returned to Fernando Po.

But the most important point, and which marks a new era in African geographical discoveries, is, that very little sickness was experienced and—what has never occurred before—that not a single life was lost, white or black,—thus proving the possibility of leading a party of Europeans into the interior by these rivers and bringing them back again in safety. The party was a mixed one, some of the whites had never been in a tropical climate, the majority had never been in Africa—Dr. Baikie himself included. Altogether the party numbered sixty-six, including Kroomen and native interpreters, and they were 118 days in the river,—twice as long as the great Expedition of 1842, which ended in so fearful a loss of life. It must be interesting to learn that the safety of the members of the Chadda Expedition is attributed—

First, To having entered the river at the proper season, viz., on the rising water.

Second, To having induced all the Europeans to take quinine daily.

Third, To carrying the green wood, used for

fuel, in the iron canoes, and not stowing it in the bunkers.

Fourth, To passing all the water used for cooking and drinking through the boiler of the Expedition,—scraping decks instead of washing them,—using Sir Wm. Burnett's solution of zinc freely,—and pumping out the bilge-water daily.

And last,—though not least,—To keeping up the spirits of the men by music, &c. &c.

"Here then, at last, the problem is solved, and Central Africa can be explored in safety by Europeans, through her natural channels, at a cost of a few thousand pounds per annum." Thus writes Mr. Macgregor Laird,—a gentleman who has so large a share in the success of this Expedition and in all previous efforts to navigate those African rivers, for it will be remembered that he personally took part in the first Expedition that ascended the Kowara (in 1832), and has ever since continued earnestly to promote that object.

To Dr. William Balfour Baikie, R.N., too much credit cannot be given, as, to his energy and talents—displayed under trying circumstances—the success of the Expedition is greatly to be attributed.

It is much to be regretted that the Expedition has not met with Dr. Barth or Dr. Vogel, nor brought any news of them beyond what is already known. Dr. Baikie heard of them, and showed the natives their likenesses, contained in the work published by me last year, when they recognized Dr. Vogel. Probably, by not taking the direct route to Yola, but a circuitous one, in order to traverse unexplored regions, and to add to the amount of his researches, the latter traveller was delayed, and thus prevented meeting the Chadda Expedition. May God grant his safe return!—for the great devotion and zeal in their mission, which caused them cheerfully to sacrifice everything, life itself, for the accomplishment of their objects, have been the sole cause of the death of his unfortunate predecessors. But, however deplorable a loss their untimely end has been to their own country and to England, it must be gratifying to both to reflect that the reputation and credit gained by Horne-mann, Burckhardt, Schomburgk, Leichhardt, and other German gentlemen who have had the honour of being employed in the English service, have been amply sustained by the three German travellers in Central Africa.

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

## LADY BLESSINGTON.

I hear that Dr. Madden has published Lady Blessington's Correspondence. Severe illness has prevented my looking into it, so that I am ignorant what parts of my letters it may contain. Permission was asked of me by one of the family to make a selection of them, under a promise that it should be done sparingly and discreetly; and I entertain no doubt that such has been the case. My letters have always been of such nature, and intentionally, that any publisher must be ruined who should undertake the printing. There may, however, be a few sentences, here and there, not uninteresting to my correspondent. The hope of rendering a trifling service to a member of Lady Blessington's family was my sole motive for compliance. I will now state my first acquaintance with her Ladyship. Residing in the Palazzo Medici at Florence, the quinsey, my annual visitant for fifty seasons, confined me to my room. At that time my old friend Francis Hare, who had been at Pisa on a visit to Lord and Lady Blessington, said at breakfast that he must return instantly to Florence. Lord and Lady B. joked with him on so sudden a move, and insisted on knowing the true reason for it. When he mentioned my name and my sickness, Lord Blessington said, "You don't mean Walter Landor!" "The very man," replied Hare. His Lordship rang the bell, and ordered horses to be put instantly to his carriage. He had gone to Pisa for his health, and had rented a house on a term of six months, of which only four had expired. The next morning my servant entered my inner drawing-room, where I was lying on a sofa, and announced Lord Blessington. I said I knew no such person. He immediately entered, and said, "Come, come,

Landor! I never thought you would refuse to see an old friend. If you don't know Blessington, you may remember Mountjoy." Twenty years before, when Lord Mountjoy was under the tuition of Dr. Randolph, he was always at the parties of Lady Belmore, at whose house I visited, more particularly when there were few besides her own family. I should not have remembered Lord Mountjoy. In those days he was somewhat fat for so young a man; he had now become emaciated. In a few days he brought his lady "to see me and make me well again." They remained at Florence all that year, and nearly all the next. In the spring, and until the end of autumn, I went every evening from my villa and spent it in their society. Among the celebrities I met there was Porcio, and, for several weeks, the Count di Camaldoli, who had been Prime Minister of Naples, the Duke de Richelieu too, and D'Orsay's sister, the Duchess de Guiche, beside a few of the distinguished Florentines. When I returned to England, soon after Lord Blessington's death, my first visit was to the Countess. Never was man treated with more cordiality. Her parties contained more of remarkable personages than ever were assembled in any other house, excepting perhaps Madame de Staél's. In the month of the Coronation more men illustrious in rank, in genius, and in science, met at Gore House, either at dinner or after, than ever were assembled in any palace. Enough has been said vituperative about the mistress of that mansion. I believe in the tales of her last friendship: an earlier one affords more cause for admiration than for censure. She had been attached to a very handsome man, whose habit of gaming ended, as it often does end, and always should, in utter ruin and expatriation. She resolved to follow him. At that time she resided at Brighton. Lord Blessington was also there, and heard of her distress. He had seen enough of her to love her ardently: but instead of making any proposal to her, he wrote a request to know whether "a thousand pounds or two" could bring back her friend in safety. She answered as only a generous heart can answer one equally generous, and wrote immediately to the person concerned. He replied that he was ruined beyond redemption, and never could return to England, nor stand between her and fortune. Lord Blessington, on receiving this intelligence, called on her. The exile received from her one hundred pounds quarterly until his death. She made an ample allowance to her father and her brother, and brought his children to live with her. Lord Blessington told me that he offered her an addition of a thousand pounds to her jointure of three, and could not prevail on her to accept the addition. Virtuous ladies! instead of censuring her faults, attempt to imitate her virtues. Believe that, if any excess may be run into, the excess of tenderness is quite as pardonable as that of malignity and rancour.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

FROM a published note, addressed by Mr. Thackeray, to the Associate Societies of the Edinburgh University, we learn that the Author of "Vanity Fair" declines to be nominated as President to succeed Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

A Liverpool Correspondent says:—"It would, so far as respects this community, so closely interested in the question, tend greatly to strengthen the effect of the arguments advanced in the letter of the Astronomer Royal, published in your impression of the 3rd instant, if that gentleman could be induced so far to depart from the anonymous form in which the evidence of his correspondents is there given, as to negative the prevalent impression, that the communications given under the letter B. are from the adjuster of the compasses of the unfortunate Tayleur, the introduction of whose testimony might, without impugning his 'skill and intelligence,' be considered under the circumstances of the controversy as open to some objection."

A Correspondent says:—

"I can testify to the fact, that the 'pair of stanzas' quoted in the *Athenæum* from Dr. Madden's 'Life of the Countess of Blessington' were sent by Lord Byron

to Mr. Davenport; and admit that they are not to be found in Byron's collected published works; but in case it should be assumed that they now appear for the first time, I beg to apprise you that a fac-simile of the original poem was given in *Artis's Pocket Magazine* (which Mr. Davenport edited) in 1824. Mr. Davenport was a scholar, a writer of elegant verse, and remarkable alike for his literary ability and his peculiar habits. His death, which happened in January, 1852, at the age of 75, from an overdose of opium, which it was his custom to use when writing, and the state of his house, are evidences of his eccentricity. About 4 o'clock on a Sunday morning, low groans were heard from Brunswick Cottage, Park-street, Camberwell: and the front parlour being broken into, he was found lying in the passage nearly dead, with a bottle which had contained laudanum in his hand. A surgeon was sent for; a few minutes after whose arrival he expired. His rooms were found to be literally crammed with books, manuscripts, pictures, ancient coins, and antiquities of various kinds. He had lived in Brunswick Cottage more than eleven years, during which time he had steadily declined the profane interference of broom or flannel. Books, beds, and furniture were rapidly decaying, and dust was undisputed monarch of all. The windows of the house (of which Mr. D. was the freeholder) were all broken, and the whole place wore a most dilapidated appearance. I believe that the list of Mr. Davenport's works (compilations and other) would be startling. He was editor of 'Lives of the Poets,' in I fear to say how many volumes, and dare not guess whether they have gone. He wrote Histories of America and India; contributed, in 1825, to the *Edinburgh Pocket Library*, 'The Common-place Book of Epigrams,' an admirable collection, including many spirited essays of his own; and was busy for the booksellers to the day of his death. More than one popular living author first fluttered his maiden pen in the pages of *Artis*, under the editorship of Mr. Davenport.—I am, &c.

J. W. DALBY."

Next week will be sold Mr. Bernal's choice collection of prints, comprising English and Foreign portraits, from the time of Queen Mary to James the Second; a curious series of portraits relating to Henry the Fourth; historical and topographical prints, in a fine state, many of them proofs; specimens of the works of F. Hogenberg, Drevet, De Leu, Hollar, Gaultier, Faithorne, Nanteuil, Logan, Edelinck, Smith; a few old German masters; a selection of the works of Hogarth; fine proofs to Cook's Voyages; a few choice views in Switzerland, and some modern portraits.

"In your last number of the *Athenæum*," says a Correspondent, writing on the subject of 'Moreduin,' "you insert a letter from E. de Saint-Maurice Cabany, regarding a romance called 'Moreduin,' supposed of Sir Walter Scott's composition, along with other papers and letters. Now, as to the authenticity of these manuscripts, I feel myself in a position to judge, with some degree of confidence, from having been so intimate a friend and contemporary of Sir Walter Scott during the whole period of his literary life, in habits of constant intercourse with him, personal, or by correspondence when absent,—correspondence which only closed with his inability to write, from the attack of the malady which speedily terminated his life. The last letter of that series in my possession being, I have reason to believe, the last he was ever able to write. To me, of course, the handwriting, habits of study, and literary labours of Sir Walter are quite familiar, as he rarely withheld from my knowledge the subjects on which he was from time to time engaged. It was not his habit to resort to dictation in preparing his works; but of those of which the authorship was for a time withheld from the public, he had his manuscript copied for the press by a young man, Mr. Huntley Gordon (whether yet in life I cannot say), or by Mr. Laidlaw (some time since dead). He was not in the habit of using the signature of 'W. S.', but generally either W. Scott, or Walter Scott.

"I am, &c., JAMES SKENE."

"28, Beaumont-street, Oxford, Feb. 13."

A Correspondent writes in explanation of the authorship of the book called 'Tit for Tat,' and which claims to be "By a Lady from New Orleans." The work, it would seem, is not American; and, in justice to America, we gladly give a place to the explanation.—"I send you," says our Correspondent, "the book 'Tit for Tat,' which was noticed in the *Athenæum* under the idea that it was in reality written by an American Lady. As I doubted the truth of this I made inquiries, and send herewith a letter from Mr. Moran, chief clerk of the U.S. Legation, to Mr. —, one of the attachés. This establishes the fact that the work is English. I believe that there is no doubt as to the true author; that it is written by one —, formerly confined in Charleston gaol, and

who on his release wrote several abolition works here. He was the individual alluded to in the 'Peabody Correspondence,' as having published the false report of the proceedings:—

"Dear —,—I will send everything that may come to-day for you. There is nothing here now. I told Mr. Buchanan of your illness, and he will not expect you to-day. I never was connected with 'Tit for Tat.' Beeton asked me to write so much of it as would secure an American copyright, which I declined to do, and there ended the matter. He told me the work was English; and the very fact of his speaking to me about writing a chapter or two so as to secure the exclusive right to publish it in the United States is a proof that it is not American. I have no objection whatever to my name being used for this statement. I told Mr. Beeton, at the time, I would not have anything to do with a work designed to be abusive of England.—I am, &c.

"B. MORAN."

—The names omitted in the above are known to ourselves; and we frankly confess that in our own minds there remains no doubt that this disreputable book is of English origin.

A discovery, which, perhaps, will prove an important one to the German literature of the sixteenth century, has recently been made in the "Raths-archiv" (Record Office of the Senate), at Zwickau, in Saxony, where Dr. Herzog, quite unexpectedly, found thirteen manuscript folios, all of them containing poems of old Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet of Nuremberg. A close investigation has led to the knowledge, that these thirteen folios are the remainder of a series of thirty-four volumes, forming a complete collection of all the works of Hans Sachs (the unprinted ones included), and compiled by order, and for the private use, of the celebrated "Meistersänger" himself. The MS., though not an autograph of Hans Sachs, is yet full of corrections by his own hand.

By paragraphs translated from the German into the French papers, we learn that the Rhine Land has got a new ruin—the stately Abbey of Laach (we are glad to add *not* the Church) having been the other day destroyed by fire. For many years past, the monastic fabric, though in perfect repair, has been uninhabited; and thus it may be that the destruction wrought may give that strange secluded pile, hard by the volcanic lake, a picturesqueness greater than that which it possessed in its completeness. But there were already strange and striking ruins enough in the Lower Eifel—Schloss Ollbrück, on its commanding knoll, for instance; and not far from the river, such romantic specimens as exist at Heisterbach and the Werner's *Kapelle* at Bacharach; and the most moon-struck or moody of tourists could hardly desire another added to his list,—above all, by so rude and mean a process as the doings of some private incendiary, to whom the destruction of the pile in question is ascribed.

"In the Museo Borbonico of Naples," writes a Correspondent, who has just returned from Italy, "and in the celebrated chamber which contains the engraved gems—gold and jewelry—found at Pompeii, I observed a *lens* of greenish glass, double convex, and of about 3 in. diameter. This, the custode informed me, upon inquiry, had been discovered within the last week or two in the new excavations at Pompeii (the street in which stands the house of the musicians). A slight flakiness of surface—the general manifestation of decay in glass—is remarkable on this, I believe, unique relic of antiquity. One would be, perhaps, inclined to suppose its use that of a burning glass rather than of an optical instrument. It is very lenticular in section; and I am not aware that any notices of optic glasses have come down to us in classic literature.—Some most interesting antiquarian discoveries were made during my stay in Sicily, under the direction of Signor Cavalari, then of Palermo, and now of Milan (a member of our Royal Institute of Architects).—At Syracuse, an ancient *submarine aqueduct*, dating from the Greek period, has been explored and cleared. It connects, by means of a channel under the bed of the Porto Grande, the fountain of Arethusa, in Ortigia, with the long water-course on the heights of Epipoli, which runs from the back of the theatre on those superb hills. The submarine gallery is tunnelled out at a depth of 25 feet below the sea level, and runs for the distance of about a mile in

this position, with dimensions some 6 ft. wide by 12 ft. high.—Thames tunnels, we shall begin to confess, are not an original inspiration of the nineteenth century;—a somewhat similar discovery has taken place at Girgenti.—At Taormina, a perfect terra-cotta antique repetition of the Laocoön, rather less than life size, has been disinterred from the ruins of the Theatre; where, also, an arrangement of passages and saloons beneath the scene, for the use of the chorus, has been cleared, which will probably throw some light upon the different mode of Thespianizing among the Greeks and Romans."

Dr. Rae writes:—

"13, Salisbury Street, Strand, Feb. 12.

"Observing in your journal of the 10th inst. some statements entitled 'An additional gleam of light on the probable fate of the Franklin Expedition,' would you have the kindness to give insertion to the following remarks on the subject. The person from whom this 'additional gleam' is said to have been obtained was certainly one of my best men on the recent Arctic Expedition. He is, however, not an Esquimaux, but a Cree Indian, named Thomas Mistegan (erroneously called Mastiukwin), who had never lived among the Esquimaux but he accompanied me to the Arctic Sea, nor could he speak or understand a syllable of the Esquimaux language until he, as well as my other men, picked up a few words during the month or two we were with the natives of Repulse Bay. Our winter station at Repulse Bay was exactly on the Arctic Circle, and consequently we had not, as represented, 'six weeks' constant night,' for refraction raised the sun at noon quite above the horizon, even on the 22nd of December, and on this—the shortest day—there were three hours' good daylight. My northern journey commenced on the last day of March, 1854, and occupied us fifty-six days, and not 'thirty-seven days,' as stated. We were never 'one hundred miles' nor even one mile 'beyond the region inhabited by the Esquimaux,' although, for a very good reason (the scarcity of deer, &c.), none of these people were seen at or near our extreme point at the season of the year we were there. That one or two of Sir John Franklin's men may still be alive, is probably a theory of the reverend gentleman who communicates the information. That 'Sir John Franklin's watch, all in pieces,' was found is more than I yet know. How the Esquimaux, or Thomas Mistegan, the Cree could distinguish it, without any particular marks, from the fragments of six or eight other watches, all obtained at the same time, is a question which I shall leave the Rev. T. Hurlbert and his informant to decide. The statement that 'there was plenty of wood among the natives,' and that 'the ship was a godsend' to them, is equally incorrect with the previous portion of this report. Among some dozen or so of sledges, I saw three, or at most four, of wood. The wood in these was old and worn; and the Esquimaux distinctly told me that it had been obtained from a vessel many years ago, and pointed out the place on the chart in Prince-Regent's Inlet, agreeing very closely with the position of Sir John Ross's vessel, abandoned, I think, in 1832 or 1833. Two of the sledges were made of the jawbones of whales, and all the others were formed of musk-ox skins, folded up in the form of sledge runners, and frozen together by an application of mud and water. To this last mode of forming sledges the natives never resort, unless driven thereto by a very great scarcity of wood, because as soon as the sun acquires power in the spring, the skins thaw and become so soft and pliable as to be unfit for use. The Esquimaux were from the same cause—scarcity of wood—equally ill provided with canoes, not having above half as many in proportion to the number of the party as they had when I wintered at Repulse Bay in 1846-7. One or two of their spear-handles and bows were made of oak and ash, which appeared fresh and new; probably portions of the oars and gun-wales of the boat found where the dead men were seen. Indeed, wood was so highly prized by the natives, that a piece of stick about 5 feet long and 14 inch diameter was as highly valued by them as a dagger or large knife, which most certainly would not have been the case had the Esquimaux obtained possession of one or even a portion of one of Franklin's ships. It is said that 'Sir John Franklin was found dead with his blanket over him and his gun by his side.' This is as difficult a question to decide as that of the identity of the fragments of Sir John's watch. The Esquimaux accounts, to me, were plain and simple. They said, 'that there was no old man with the party of "whites" when seen alive—that the leader, or apparent leader (for the natives could only judge by seeing one person walking unencumbered, whilst the others were dragging the sledges and boat), was a tall, stout man, taller than myself, and, consequently, about six feet high.' They also remarked, that they thought one of the dead bodies found was that of an officer (chief), as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulder, and had his double-barrelled gun lying under him. I shall leave your readers to judge how much reliance can be placed on the report of Mistegan, whom I, at the same time, exonerate from the imputation of having wilfully misstated facts. The Rev. Mr. Hurlbert has evidently 'jumped' at conclusions, which any statement that could have been made by Mistegan would scarcely warrant his arriving at.—I am, &c.,

JOHN RAE."

There is terrible work going on in New York between Mrs. A. S. Stephens and Mrs. H. M. Stephens. Both have written stories: the first, 'Fashion and Famine' (with which this journal has dealt); the second, 'Hagar the Martyr'; and Mrs. A. is accused of wishing, besides wearing her own anege, as authoress of that precious tale, to

wear the wreath of bays which belongs to Mrs. H., the parent of 'Hagar.' The battle is fought out very comically in *Norton's Literary Gazette*, where Messrs. Fetridge & Co. inform the public that—

"Messrs. Bunce & Brothers, of New York, have recently, and for manifestly selfish and mercenary ends, set up a very stupid assumption, and are now, in a seeming spirit of most virtuous indignation, doing all in their power to knock it down. The assumption is, that the authoress of 'Fashion and Famine'—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—has been reputed to be the authoress of 'Hagar the Martyr.' Now, we have given Bunce & Brothers no reason whatever for assuming any conclusion of the sort; and in looking over the numerous favourable notices of 'Hagar the Martyr,' which have appeared in the public prints, we can find no authority on which to base such an apprehension. \* \* But, supposing the public should confound the names of the two ladies, it is not therefore at all uncertain that Mrs. Ann S. Stephens would be highly complimented by the mistake. Nay, it is absolutely reasonable that she will, or ought to be; for, if we mistake not, the book published by Bunce & Brothers, under the title of 'Fashion and Famine,' has a singular affinity, in all respects, to one previously and fugitively known as 'Frises and Palaces; or, Sequel to the Strawberry Girl.' Mrs. Stephens—that is, Mrs. H. Marion Stephens—is no collaborator, but the authoress of an entirely original work, and in this respect would not likely, by compiler and patcher-up of old and exploded materials. It is, therefore, under these circumstances, entirely unnecessary and uncalled for on the part of Messrs. Bunce & Brothers to notify the public that Mrs. H. Marion Stephens is not the authoress of 'Fashion and Famine.'"

This spirited defence of Mrs. H.—this murderous attack of Mrs. A.—remind us so strongly of similar extravagances in Mr. Poole's 'Little Pendleton,' as to make us ask whether they are original inspirations, or adaptations from that farcical novel, employed to serve the purposes of advertisement?

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is open daily, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

The ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION and COLLECTION of DRAWINGS, ENGRAVINGS, and PICTURES, is now open, from 9 till 4, at the Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.—Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.—And in the EVENING (except on Saturday) from 7 till 10. Admission, Sixpence.

WILL CLOSE February 24, and all objects exhibited must be removed on the 26th.

JAS. FERGUSON, F.R.A.S. Hon. JAS. EDMESTON, Jun.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this SOCIETY is NOW OPEN at the Rooms of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, Pall Mall East, in the Morning from 10 to 5; in the Evening from 7 to 10.—Admission, Morning, 1s.; Evening, 6d. Catalogue, 6d.

Will shortly close.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park.—ADMISSION, 1s.—The original PANORAMA of LONDON by DAY is exhibited daily, from half-past Ten till half-past Four. Museum of Sculpture, Conservatories, Swiss Cottage, &c. The extraordinary PANORAMA of LONDON BY NIGHT, every Evening from Seven till Ten. Music from Two till half-past Four, and during the Evening.

ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—Additional Pictures. The Battle of Inkermann, and Great Storm in the Black Sea.—The Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, Battle of the Alma, Pictorial Map of Sebastopol, &c., are also exhibited in the Diorama, illustrating events of the war.—The lecture by Mr. Stoegerer. Daily at 3 and 8.—Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.

ASH WEDNESDAY—LOVE'S LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.—Upper Hall, Regent's Gallery, 63, Quadrant, Regent Street; comprising the following:—The opening of the New Circus-room, &c. Every Evening at 8—except Saturday; Saturday at 3—Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Mr. LOVE, will present his NEW ENTERTAINMENT, with appropriate rustic costumes and appointments throughout, called LOVE IN THE LONDON SEASIDE, and the following:—Wednesday and Friday, a LECTURE on the OCCULT POWERS of the VOICE; followed by the entertainment called LOVE IN ALL SHAPES; with LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.—On Saturday at 3, Love in all Shapes, with other entertainments.—Piano-fores, Miss Julia Warman.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 3s.; Tickets at Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond Street; Turner's Music Depot, 19, Poultry; and at the Rooms, between 12 and 4.

## SCIENTIFIC

### SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 12.—Rear-Admiral Beechey in the chair.—Mr. F. S. Day and Dr. R. B. Grinrod were elected Fellows.—Admiral Smyth, Mr. Osborne Smith, and Mr. T. H. Brooking were appointed Auditors for the year.—The Chairman directed the attention of the meeting to the illustrations by Dr. Baikie and Dr. May of the Chadda and country adjoining; to the drawings of Mr. M'Gregor Laird's screw-steamer, the Pleiad, which had so successfully ascended that river; to the map by Mr. Anderson, showing his route in South Africa; to some specimens of the gold manufacture of Timbuctoo, exhibited by Mr. Renshaw; and to several maps by Mr. Arrowsmith, to accompany the forthcoming volume of the Society's *Journal*.—The papers read were:—"On the Sources of the

Purus, a great Tributary on the Amazon," by Mr. Clement R. Markham.—"Report on the Arrival of the Chadda Expedition under Dr. Baikie, R.N." communicated by the Earl of Clarendon. The general results of the Expedition are:—1. 250 miles of new river examined, and the identity of the Chadda and Binue established. 2. The navigability of the river during the rainy season ascertained. 3. Several new tribes discovered, the friendly disposition of the natives proved, and the resources of the countries inquired into. 4. Positions of former charts corrected, and new places laid down from numerous astronomical observations. 5. Materials for a complete chart of the rivers have been collected, and also for a map of the surrounding regions. 6. Much information has been gathered concerning the various countries visited, and the periods of rise and fall of the rivers accurately noted. 7. The general desire of the natives to open trade and to receive instruction has been ascertained. 8. The existence and extent of slavery have been examined. 9. A favourable report can be made of the climate, as little sickness showed itself, and not a single life was lost. The Pleiad entered from the sea on the 12th of July, and, visiting, among other places, Abó and Idha, reached the confluence on the 4th of August, and on the 18th, the town of Dágbo the furthest point of Allen and Oldfield in 1833. After this the principal countries reached were Mitahi, Kororofa, and some Filata provinces, and also a very barbarous race, named Báiá. The expedition commenced the descent on the 30th of September, with a falling river, and arrived again at Fernando Po, on the 7th of November, after an absence of four months, of which 118 days were spent in the Kwára and Chadda.—"Accounts from the Central African Mission," by Dr. Vogel; communicated by the Earl of Clarendon. From Dr. Vogel's paper it was understood that while Dr. Barth was to have started from Timbuctoo to proceed *vid* Sokatu, to meet Dr. Baikie and the Chadda Expedition, Dr. Vogel, with the Sappers and Miners, was to have proceeded from Kuka in the month of June for the same purpose.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 8.—Viscount Mahon, President, in the chair.—Mr. J. Leighton was elected a Fellow, and the Marquis Campana and the Cavaliere Canina were elected Foreign Members.—Mr. G. Scharf, junior, read a paper 'On some of the Sculptured Ornaments of a Temple or Group of Buildings at Bath, discovered on the site of the present Pump-room in the year 1790.' He bestowed particular attention upon the celebrated head considered by many to represent Medusa, which formed the centre of one of the pediments of the building. The head is placed in the middle of a large shield, supported by two flying figures of Victory; whose feet rested on a globe, as shown by a fragment still preserved of the right-hand figure; enough also remains of the left-hand figure to show that they were provided with large spreading wings, and that the folds of drapery were very much better arranged and executed than the published representations of these fragments would seem to indicate. He laid some stress upon the importance of not making the faults of the decadence period appear worse when copied for publication: it misleads almost as seriously as when a tolerable specimen of Art is flattered into perfection by the engraver. Mr. Scharf described the so-called Medusa head as a fleshy round male face, with long curling hair, full beard, and moustaches arranged in a generally radiating fashion to accord with the circular space round it, and of which the face was the exact centre; among the hair snakes appeared protruding, and two large bird's-wings sprang—not from the temples or forehead, as in other known instances—but from directly behind the ears which partially appeared among the full flowing locks of hair. All previous illustrators, both those who believed it to represent Medusa, and those who declared it to symbolize the sun, recognized the existence of the moustache which they generally designated by the term whiskers: those of the former opinion expressed a belief that the sculptor had, in order to make the Gorgon's head more terrible, added whiskers to the

countenance; others sought by reference to an engraving in Montfaucon, where Medusa was represented with moustaches and four wings, two from her temples, and two, reversed, issuing from her jaw-bones, to establish their position. On referring to the plate quoted from Montfaucon, Mr. Scharf recognized the representation of a bronze acerra or incense-box, that has since become one of the ornaments of the Museum Disney-anum. At one end of the box is head of Medusa; but in the original no trace of wings or moustaches are to be found; they were purely the invention of the old French engraver.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL.** — Feb. 5. — J. Curtis, Esq., President, in the chair.—Among the donations was one by Herr Pretsch, of Vienna, of a specimen of the silken fabric made by the caterpillars of *Saturnia spinii*, accompanied by figures of the insect in its different stages of growth, and a statement of the means used to procure the fabric.—The President appointed as his Vice-Presidents, J. O. Westwood, Esq., E. Newman, Esq., and H. T. Stainton, Esq., and delivered an inaugural address, which was ordered to be printed in the *Proceedings*.—Brigadier Hearsey exhibited a large number of insects just received from Sylhet; including many Lepidoptera and Coleoptera of rarity and some novelties.—Mr. Stevens exhibited three perfect specimens of the rare beetle *Cheirotonus Macleayi*, from India.—Mr. Stainton exhibited a bunch of the galls formed by *Cynips quercus-petioli*, gathered from an oak near Exeter, and read an extract from a letter of the correspondent who sent them, confirming Mr. Stainton's former statement respecting the abundance of this kind of gall in Devonshire last year, and giving some interesting particulars of their mode of growth.—Mr. Westwood read, from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, an account of the Indian method of preparing the threads of silk from the cocoons of *Bombyx Cynthia*, the insect recently introduced with such good prospects of success into Malta and Italy.—Mr. Newman read a note, founded on a communication of an eye-witness, stating that the cockroach fed voraciously upon the common house-bug:—a fact which he found had been previously recorded in the 'Narrative of Foster's Voyage'.—The President read a communication from Dr. Asa Fitch, stating that *Coccus corynorhini* was committing awful havoc in the fruit orchards of Illinois and Wisconsin, and that the history of this insect would be included in the Report on the Insects injurious to Fruit-trees, which he was now preparing for the Agricultural Society of New York State, pursuant to an order of the legislature.—The President read an extract from a letter addressed to him by M. Candéze, of Liège, requesting the assistance of English entomologists in the Monograph of Elateridae, on which he was engaged.—Mr. Douglas read a note on *Psyche helicina*,—the larvae of which form curious helical cases, from which, until recently that M. Nylander raised a winged male, nothing but apterous females have been produced.—Mr. Westwood read a memoir 'On Lucanidae,' with figures and descriptions of many new species.—A new Part of the *Transactions* was on the table.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.** — Feb. 13.—J. Simpson, Esq., President, in the chair.—The evening was entirely devoted to the consideration of Mr. Leslie's paper, 'On the Flow of Water through Pipes and Orifices.'

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.** — Feb. 14.—The Astronomer Royal in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On the Expediency of at once Decimalizing English Money and Weights,' by Mr. J. A. Franklin.—'On the Basis of a Decimal System of Money for the United Kingdom,' by Mr. F. J. Minns.—'On Decimal Coinage,' by Mr. Hugo Reid.

**MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.**

- Royal Academy, 8.—'On Sculpture,' by Sir R. Westmacott.
- Statistical, 8.—'On the Losses raised by Mr. Pitt during the First French War, 1793—1801; with some Statements in Defence of the Methods of Funding employed,' by Mr. Newbold.
- The Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'On Steam and Sailing Collars, and the Modes of Ballasting,' by Mr. Allen.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'On Electricity,' by Prof. Tyndall.

WED. Geological, 8.—'Evidences of the Occurrence of Glacial Action in the Fermanian Period,' by Prof. Ramsay.

THURS. Royal Academy, 8.—'On Painting,' by Prof. Hart.

- Numismatic, 7.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal, 8.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'On English Literature,' by Mr. Donne.
- FRID. Royal Institution, 8.—'On providing an Additional Supply of Pure Water for London,' by Mr. Dickinson.
- Philological, 8.
- SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'On the Principles of Chemistry,' by Dr. Gladstone.

## FINE ARTS

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

*Lectures on Painting, by Prof. Hart, R.A.*

#### LECTURE I.

To expatiate on the subject of those Arts in which most of us who are here assembled this evening have the happiness to be engaged, after the repeated treatment which they have previously received within the walls of the Royal Academy from so many eminent Professors' hands, will readily be acknowledged to be a task of no mean difficulty. It is owing to this consideration in all probability that some individual more highly qualified than myself does not now stand before you as the expositor of the principles and practice of an Art which it is one of the functions of this establishment to teach. By the same consideration of how often and how ably the ground which I have to tread has been already occupied, I might myself well be dismayed did I not bear in mind that these Lectures are intended chiefly for the students of the Academy; and as their classes are perpetually changing, such information as I have to offer will be addressed, as may be presumed, to unprepared minds, and have at least the quality of novelty for them. Of the distinguished artists who are members of this institution, I can only solicit the forbearance while I follow on a course of analysis and instruction which to them is so familiar as a theory, and by them so successfully illustrated in practice. What Quintilian says, when speaking of new definitions, I will add here for myself. "It would," he observes, "be both impertinent and impossible for me to mark out every definition, since a practice which is a bad one has prevailed amongst writers on Arts of never defining a thing in the same terms that others have made use of before. This is a practice I am in no ways ambitious to follow," he adds, "for I shall ever be proud to say whatever is right, although it may not be of my own invention."

I am aware that an opinion is maintained by some, that through the medium of Lectures the student is not practically instructed. If such objection means merely that the palette is not placed in the student's hand,—that he is not thus instructed in the more mechanical parts of his pursuit, I answer that the same Royal Academy which places me as a lecturer here, has also provided schools in which that other and more practical object is to be attained. It is by means of such Lectures as it is my office to deliver that he can better be directed to an acquaintance with the theory of his art, its history, its great moral purpose, and its principles. Without such direction he may labour, perplexed by the varieties of excellence which he beholds. A collection of pictures by the old masters presents to his mind merely a chaos of merit. Each picture bears a name which he regards as an authority, and to his enthusiastic and impressionable nature presents a model for his imitation. Emulating thus indiscriminately, he may in turn imitate varieties and contraries of excellence and styles, which he cannot hope either to reconcile or to combine, and discover when too late how much time he has erroneously devoted, through misapprehension, to ill-judged and irreconcileable expectations.

To divest this seeming confusion of its perplexity, to make the road clear for his better comprehension, will be my first object in this present course. To do this with any degree of efficiency, I must call on the student to consider the Fine Arts in a general sense, and as elements in the social condition of man. The history of those Arts will engage our early attention, in so far as that history more particularly regards Painting, and in so far as the limits of a lecture will permit. But before I approach this branch of the subject, it will be convenient that we should enter on a short inquiry

into the principles of Imitation,—the language in which our art more especially expresses itself. Our course will, therefore, be this, as the imitation of Nature is the origin and basis of Art, I will, as I have said, this evening confine my attention to considering the true meaning of Imitation as applied to Painting. In my Second Lecture I will consider the principles laid down in their application to Ancient Art, from the earliest times to the establishment of the Christian Church. My Third Lecture will continue the subject through that period which has been justly classified as that of Christian Art. The consideration of the various sections of Art-practice, with observations on schools and styles, I leave for a future season.

Because an essential element in the practice of painting is Imitation, the painter's art has been by many misapprehended and narrowed down into one, in which Imitation is at once the means and the end. In fact, to the undue acceptance of this term, Imitation, are owing mistakes so often made between that which is the true end proposed, and those which are the means by which that true end is to be attained. In the lowest and most elementary view of the subject, Art is supposed to have attained its end when a fac-simile representation of any object is achieved, whatever may be the relative interest or importance of that object,—and the artist is in that view considered most successful who most successfully represents objects by their mere outward and accidental properties. These views, like all other false views in Art, have this evil, besides their own inherent wrong, that the error acts and reacts from the public on the artist, and from the artist on the public. The ill-formed demand creates the ignorant supply, and a low scale of taste is the necessary consequence of both.

If Imitation consisted in a mere fac-simile representation of circumstance, that could surely not deserve the name of a Fine Art, by which it was produced. We live in an age which has seen almost the perfection of mere surface rendering, procured by agencies merely mechanical or scientific;—a perfection such as the unaided eye or hand of the painter can never hope indeed to attain. Yet, just because those agencies, marvellous as they are, can do no more than render the material truths which they find, their utmost perfection must yet fail to procure their admission into the category proper of the Fine Arts.

Let us then inquire more particularly what is the part which Imitation does play in Art:—a point on which it is necessary that we should arrive at a clear definition, before we can enter successfully on the consideration of which are the best and noblest themes on which the painter's art can be employed. For, after all, we shall have to admit that in its most transcendental exercises, Art is necessarily limited by the range of the language through which it speaks.

The eye, being the organ through which picture addresses itself to the mind, and the representation of visible objects being the language, or medium, by which the subject is conveyed, the painter has, of course, to take care that nothing finds actual admission into his work but such matters as the eye is conversant with; since, even in the most imaginative flights of the poet, the circumstances of his imagery have their rise in Nature. His most fanciful conceptions owe their origin to existing elements in creation. The art of painting, even when most spiritually employed, consists technically in a resemblance to visible things. What are invisible, therefore, come not within even its highest scope,—and the attempt to strain its powers to utterances beyond the capacities of its language is a mistake as great (if less ignoble) as that which would keep down Art-expression (as the Imitative school would) to its merest syntax. The poet, with his almost boundless language, can lead the imagination at his will, and to heights which the painter cannot climb, and through mazes which the artist cannot thread;—yet, even to the poets' non-natural personifications, natural elements have contributed the facts, as in the case of angels, demons, centaurs, satyrs, and the like. Ancient artists held that no degree of truth could be assigned to representations which varied from their true standard of Nature. They were accus-

tomed to refer always back to Nature, with a view of ascertaining and deducing from her some undeniable property, admitting only, after deliberation, such ideas or images as were found, on close examination, to have a common consent with Nature. Such things only as are, or can be, were by them considered to be worthy of representation; and they condemned such works as failed to record actual truth, however excellent might be the art with which they were presented. That performance was considered unworthy of esteem which was not distinguished by some attribute of sound argument or of common sense.

The experience of every artist has suggested to him the difficulty of defining for himself the true standard or quantity of imitation which should, in any given case, be employed for the fitting representation of the object or objects which he has in view. At the commencement of his career, the student is apt to be influenced by the desire to mark down all particulars, which, to his eye, make up the sum of the thing before him; and as at that age the artist is an almost microscopic observer, a study which might well befit the naturalist becomes, in its rendering of specific fact, a fatigue to the sense to which it appeals as a work of Art. The end is in fact missed, through the very over-elaboration of the means. It is this habit of seeing too much, through want of taste or of judgment, that makes a portrait painted by a beginner so little satisfactory. Not contented with so much of imitation as shall secure identity with the type, he has insisted on details as punctiliously as a surveyor might, whose task it was to make a chart of the face. He has mistaken a picture for a map. Such an example of imitative Art, I myself, in early life, submitted to a deceased member of this Academy, Mr. Northcote; and was by him warned that, by insisting on telling every fact which I saw, and, of course, at that commencing period of my career in an exaggerated manner, I missed the way at once to the hearts of my sitters, and to the secrets of my art.

That simplicity, not complication, of means serves the purpose of identification in form, is illustrated by a fact in every man's daily experience: the facility with which, at a distance or amid a crowd, we distinguish a well-known figure or face. In the first of these cases, the facts are resolved by the distance; in the second, they are generalized by the numbers, in which the mere technical particulars are, to some extent, the same or similar. In both, it is shown that the individuality is something outside of, or added to, the facts; and this it is which the painter has to seize, as by a few expressive lines he often may. To borrow an illustration from the arithmetician, the likeness is the resulting whole which expresses, as it were, in a single line, the sum of all the several figures which are its factors,—not a precise repetition of all the figures which make up that whole. The process of Art-imitation is synthetic, not analytic.

The amount of character which a few forms are capable of expressing, is well illustrated also in the breadth of treatment and simplicity of means employed for portraiture by the Egyptian sculptor 3,400 years before the Christian era, as well as in some of the historic themes of the same people. The like principle of simple means was eloquently applied to the decoration of the Etruscan Vase,—a few lines, by means of which a variety of condition, age, sex, &c. are expressed and recognized in forms of beauty, of grace, or of motion. In the flattest or lowest relief of Greek sculpture, everything is almost reduced to outline.

Patient investigation, and that experience which implies the combination of judgment with taste, must be employed to determine in each case, by comparisons with a number of objects in the same class, what are the essential peculiarities that constitute its character, standard, or true type. There are certain specific attributes peculiar to each object, either in form, in character, or in colour, and the central or focal point of these is its essence. Divergence from this constitutes variety,—exaggeration of it, caricature. This essential form it is which the artist must seize. When this is expressed in his work, the idea of that work is complete.

Additional to this are incumbrances on the idea—shortcomings of it render the representation vague and incomplete. Such disciplined observation it was that led the Greek sculptor in his search after the representation of beauty, strength, grace and other attributes, to seize on the characteristic details as he found them in a number of human objects, and these combined into one whole gave the ideal of the type. These sculptured figures—now known under the denomination of the Antique,—while they form the studies for his imitation as examples, at the same time invest the student's mind with ideals of certain attributes, and teach him, when in turn he looks to Nature for his models, to detect and estimate the accidents or departure from the beauty of proportion, of form, or of character, with which he must constantly meet in the living example through which he may seek to embody his own conceptions. In the whole range of antique sculpture, with the single exception of what is named the *Torso*, there are no examples so worthy of your consideration as the fragments of Art known as the *Elgin Marbles*, and happily among the national possessions in the British Museum. Before their discovery, we were obliged to content ourselves either with such treatments of the human figure as are supplied in the eminently conventional forms of the *Apollo Belvedere*, and other embodiments of superhuman character, wherein the departure from fact was intentional and in accordance with the mythologic theme to be realized, or with such examples as were presented by the athletic figures of the *Fighting and the Dying Gladiators*—fine specimens of original nature, and adequate exponents of the ideal of their class.

In the mean betwixt these two orders of description—the Ideal and the Actual—the highly Conventional and the Literal, we have now in the bodies of the *Theseus* and the *Ilyssus* the exact treatment that defines the limits of the Essential and Accidental,—clothing the essential meaning in forms sufficient and best fitted for its expression, controlling detail by knowledge and judgment of the abstract. No particulars are wanting that help the sentiment of action in the one, or that of repose in the other of these fragments; while facts so minute as the foldings of the skin are rendered with a truth which, having the moral co-efficients so largely expressed, but add their mite to the sum of the imitation.

By close study of such examples, as well as of the human and animal forms in the frieze of the *Parthenon*, you will train your eyes and understandings for the due estimation of similar objects in Nature. No unessential or redundant particulars were permitted, you will observe, to enter into their representation. Wherever in the works of these old Greek masters, exaggeration of natural circumstance occurs, it must be accepted as an intentional deviation, for a purpose foreign to the theme itself,—as a calculation for the efficient expression of the parts, when removed, for instance, to such a distance from the eye as was implied in the place of their original destination.

All the written critical opinion of the ancients enforces the same view of the purposes and limits of imitation as was inculcated by their master-works. Thus, Quintilian, for example, lays it down that in overloading the matters in hand with particulars, we incur the penalty of a double inconvenience,—that of saying always too much, and yet never saying all.

To resume, then. The true sense of Imitation consists in seizing on the leading characteristics; those parts which constitute the specific difference between one object and another. Minor details follow, and are subordinated to the great and leading idea. When the cognate expression is once obtained, the imitation is complete.

In these observations, I have presupposed that the student has acquired the power of transferring literally to his canvas the copy of a particular human form,—that he is thereby qualified to render any number of forms as representative of varieties of Nature; for the things which are to enter into his service during his career are innumerable.

We will proceed, then, to consider Imitation when applied to imaginative conditions; bearing in

mind one of the observations of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that it is by the power of drawing correctly what we see, that we are enabled to draw correctly what we imagine. The principles of Art are simple and fixed; and they are compendiously enunciated for the student's use in the great examples which the sculptors and painters have left. These results have a classification determined to a great extent by the nature of the materials with which they work. Principles of proportion and form have been deduced from Sculpture:—those of colour, of light and shade, and of composition have been established on the labours of the various schools of Painting.

In the works of three of the greatest masters of the painter's art whom the world has produced, severally conspicuous each for a quality of his own,—Raffaello, Titian, and Rembrandt,—we may illustrate alike this principle of comprehensiveness in seizing what are the main or predominant characteristics.

To begin with Raffaello. If we take for our purpose his most accomplished works, the *Cartoons*, we find on examination that so many details are given of the human form or draperies as are absolutely essential to the just description of the parts, or are indispensable to their action. If we proceed to test this principle of comprehensiveness by arranging our own lay figures, we shall find how many forms in the draperies that were extraneous and unessential to the expression of the human form beneath have been omitted by the great artist. So, Titian omits all trivial particulars in representing a mass of flesh-tint. The eye at once recognizes the general truth of the part, and is unfatigued by a sense of the elaboration that suggests exertion or great pains-taking. In fact, the eye is impressed in exactly the same way as on beholding Nature herself. If we inspect the picture more minutely, we behold a fusion of the tints, corresponding to that which we see in the real flesh and those local peculiarities of colour in particular parts of the limbs, which do not interfere with the general sense of truth or the prevailing air of simplicity of means.

Rembrandt, with his light and shade, arrives by different means at imitative results similar to those of Titian. With a power of calculation that controlled every seemingly rude touch to a definite end, distance from the picture is all that is needed to make these singular means combine in the revelation of character, of expression, or of gradation in light and shade. Rembrandt's production of these results is as much under the control of abstract principle as ever were the linear treatments of a Greek sculptor. Our own Reynolds, in his *'Ugolino'*, and in other historical presentations, combining often the characteristics of Titian with those of Rembrandt, indulged in that degree of imitation which never distracts or divides the attention between the picture in its subjective and objective truth, and any personal display of his own powers.

This principle of the limitation, and consequent elevation, of the original principle of Imitation, which I have been contending for in Sculpture and in Painting, runs equally through all the Arts. It is not, for instance, by the direct and literal imitation of natural sounds, but by the force of expression and the power of association, that Music makes its appeals. In fact, this illustration of a principle controlling a principle derived from music is very striking:—as with the more technical imitation of the voices by which Nature speaks nearly the whole body of music as an art disappears. To use the language of a competent authority, "Music can imitate in a direct manner only by its actual resemblance to the sound of the thing imitated; and of all the powers, that of raising ideas by direct resemblance is the weakest and least important." It is, indeed, so far from being essential to the pleasures of the art, that, unless used with great caution, judgment, and delicacy, it will destroy the pleasure, or become even offensive or ridiculous. It is in the power which Music possesses of raising emotions and exciting our sympathies by means of association, that we are led to the recognition of the effects intended by Beethoven in his *Symphonie*.

Pastorale. The imitations are offered by way of suggestion, not by attempts at direct imitation. Of technical imitation, as subordinate and auxiliary to general expression, we have many happy musical examples; where the imitations even in the moment of their success, define their own limits, and like the technical treatments of Sculpture, mark their dependence for any value which they have on the larger and more spiritual expositions of the theme. Take as an instance: Handel's musical embodiment of the lines in Milton's 'Penitence,' beginning,—

Oft on a plat of rising ground  
I hear the far-off curfew sound.

—Here he suggests, and in a sense imitates, the bell, by the deep-toned strings of the basses,—confining the voice to notes expressive of that pleasing and contemplative melancholy, whose idea the words are so powerful to excite. Under the same subordination it is that in the song of Galatea, "Hush! ye pretty warbling quire," the flute imitates the natural music of the birds. The ideas of light in the chorus of 'Samson,' "Oh! first created beam!" and of darkness in the chorus of 'Israel in Egypt,' "He sent a thick darkness," can have no aid whatever from technical imitation, any more than the words "And there was light," in Haydn's 'Creation,' but depend wholly on suggestion, and the poetry of association musically attired. In fact, I may just state here—that it would lead me too far out of my direct road on the present occasion, and too much on metaphysical ground, to do more than state—that indefiniteness of detail, such as we find in the vague forms comprehended within the contour of an Egyptian Colossus, may, in its appeals to the imagination, be itself a source of pleasure;—contrasted exactly with the too great definiteness which depresses the mental faculties into inaction, and kindles no high or noble sentiment, in the elaborated minutiae of a Gerard Douw.

All the objects of fact or of imagination which the painter can be called on to represent must come under a classification which has three heads, and by their place in which, the amount of imitation and the degree of particular must be determined. They must be generic, specific, or exceptional. The specific, while it will always have much that is common to its genus, will have something that is especially its own, and differing from other examples of its kind. The exceptional implies some departure from the rule that generally pervades even specific difference.

If the student at the commencement of a work would ask himself, What constitutes the predominant characteristics of the object which I am about to represent? and how are these to be rendered?—and at the conclusion of his labour would inquire, Have I complied with these conditions? he would arrive with more certainty at the true Art-rendering of the essential and specific properties of his objects, as contradistinguished from their accidents, or deviations from natural law. The difficulty is in determining precisely that which is necessary, and that which only is necessary. In the anxiety not to render too much, there is, of course, the danger that the exposition may be inefficient. A fitting copiousness of diction and fluency of style are no more to be rejected by the painter than dispensed with by those who most ably wield the pen.

Thus observes Aristotle in his 'Poetics,' "Sophocles said that he described men such as they ought to be, but Euripides such as they were." "If, however," he continues, "it should be objected that the poet neither represents such things as they are, nor such as they ought to be, he may say, that he represents them conformably to the general opinion, as, for instance, in things pertaining to the Gods."

The student, then, who has arrived at the power of representing visible things with taste and judgment is in possession of the principles which apply to the rendering of those more poetical creations which borrow their exceptional attributes from the imagination, for the imagination can invest visibility in its creations only with the intelligible forms which the world of visible objects supplies. And this brings us at once to that limit of Art-expression in

its highest exercise, to which we have already alluded, and which if the artist endeavours to pass, under the belief that he has a language transcendently co-extensive with that of the poet, he will fall baffled, not by the greatness of his theme or the incapacity of his own mind to grapple with it, but by the inadequacy of the means at his disposal for the rendering of his thought. The student will do wisely to remember this:—that whatever Art can do, it can do not only well but perfectly, and that which it can do best it can do better than the same thing can be done by any other expressive power. But while the poet, with all his range, can never bring the Madonna before the sense, as Raffaello has, the painter cannot make the language of visible objects embody the ideas of spiritual or mysterious agency. How shall the painter, for instance, with any resources at his command, give shape to that Image, before whose awful presence, as conjured up by the sublime poetry of Scripture language, the heart stands still: "Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence?" What bold brush could undertake to make intelligible to the sense,—what language yet bring vividly before the mind—the burning bush as it appeared to Moses on the Mount? as what mortal music dare seek to utter the "still small voice" that followed it? In fact, this very power of language to do much that the Arts generally cannot express, furnishes at once an excellent measure of the controlling power of the imitative principle in the Arts, and an indication of the uses to which imitation for the high purposes of Art should be devoted. Just because language is the least imitative of all the arts, it is by far the most suggestive. Language can suggest everything that the mind is capable of receiving, from the very fact of its being in no way limited to the actual sensible resemblance of things, while all the suggestions of Art must arise out of the sensible objects which it presents. That Art, then, is the highest, which, true to the principles of Imitation, rightly understood, that lies at its base, enlarges and spiritualizes such imitation by the greatest amount of suggestive thought, but bears in mind, at the same time, that the range of thought must be controlled by the capacity for its suggestion, residing in the imitative language which it is compelled to employ.

For this reason it is that all of the numerous Art-attempts at the personification of the Almighty, under the form of an aged man, are, and must be, by the very conditions of the case, lamentable failures. The supreme and concentrated image of Power and Eternity is here sought to be rendered in forms that suggest the ideas of imbecility, decay and death. Raffaello, himself, in his treatment of the Creation, has represented only a venerable old man, toiling and struggling with exaggerated action among rolling clouds. The comparatively uninspirited Deities of classic lore were, for the same reasons, fit enough themes for the handling of classic Art. The Greek Mythology, which invested the Gods with human passions, consistently adopted human forms for their expression, and had thus possible types which these artists might exalt by treatment, instead of the spiritual God whom the noblest treatment must yet lower to the human type. And thus it is that the Greek sculptor could assist the Greek poet in the establishment of certain personifications, composed of distinct and varying attributes, which had all a human reference, but, in their concentration and emphasis, were in each case sublimed by Art and Poetry into a classic God.

And this leads me to touch for a moment, parenthetically, on what seems to me a heresy in Art-criticism, which may have had its root in the co-operation of the Greek poet and the Greek artist, and in an undue application (by its extension into a principle) of the practice of some of the illustrious masters of Christian Art, working to specific ends. Among the Greeks, a belief grew up that the painter and the sculptor must follow the descriptions of the poets, as these were held to have anticipated the artist's conceptions, and established a previous settlement

on his ground. A recollection of some of the themes which the Greek artists treated, satisfies us that Apelles or Zeuxis, and most of the renowned painters of antiquity, derived their subjects from the mythological or other fables of their time. For his 'Jupiter' and 'Minerva,' Phidias drew on the bards who had excited his imagination with such themes. Homer supplied the moral proportions and relations, and for the physical elements out of which he combined and constructed these ideal personifications of omnipotence and wisdom, he went himself to Nature. The 'Venus' of Apelles, the 'Helen' of Zeuxis, and the 'Galatea' of Raffaello drew their inspirations from the prevailing traditions and ideas caught from the poets. That these controlled the respective artists, we learn from the difficulties which each encountered in finding in ordinary nature the forms that would suffice to render satisfactorily the accepted notions with which the public mind was familiar. Michael Angelo, in the Sistine, in his Prophets, and his Sibyls, drew for his grand creations on the inspired portions of the Scriptures, or on the fables of Pagan mythology. To what extent in the Middle Ages the imagery of Dante controlled or directed the imitative capacities of the painter, it were superfluous to mention, except for the purpose of observing that religious principle was as much the motive in that time to both painter and poet, and therefore as necessarily suggested a conformity of action, as it was in the old Pagan period.

There have not, however, been wanting opinions which such cases do nothing to justify, that Art is elevated by seeing Nature generally, and, as a rule, through the poet's spectacles.

"In some instances," observes Lessing, "it is a greater merit in the artist to have imitated Nature through the medium of the poet's imagination than without it. The painter who has delineated a beautiful landscape, after a Thomson, has performed a higher task than he who has copied it directly from Nature. The latter has the original immediately before his eyes; the former must exert the powers of his imagination until he fancies he sees it before him. The one produces a beautiful imitation of distinct and palpable lineaments; the other has to arrange a *discretionary effect* from faint and fleeting images." This is dangerous doctrine, as I have hinted. Art so derived, can at best give but a second-hand impression of Nature. The painter has thus delegated his own power of seeing Nature to another, in entire neglect of the peculiar requirements and technical capabilities of his own art. But I have introduced this opinion of Lessing's in passing, merely for the purpose of showing you how capricious and unpractical are some of the dogmas which the unprofessional critic does not hesitate to promulgate, and which the artist is too often weak or unthinking enough to accept.

If, then, I have had any success in defining what is the true place of Imitation in the Arts—if we have arrived at a clear perception, as well of its large and noble faculties of suggestion on the one hand, as of its restraining canons on the other, you will have learnt as rules of your future practice, while you avoid all those extravagant utterances for which the vocabulary of your art is insufficient, to shun all those meaner heresies by which Art is degraded into any of the forms of mere representation. In Art, as in morals, doubtless our first search is after truth; but in Art, as in morals, we have to inquire what truth is, and nowhere will it be found in the character of servility. Reduce Art, for instance, to mere simple and elementary imitation, and you rob it of every pretence to notice, because the imitation will in every case be inferior to the thing imitated. Let the object so copied have no natural beauty in itself, then we have merely a lower visible presentation of that which had originally no interest save such as cannot be transferred—that of its Use. At the best, the copy will want the force and freshness of the original. The most perfect representation of a piece of ornamental furniture will be beaten at the upholsterer's, and the mercer will show against the best artist in the article of brocade or of Brussels lace. Let us apply this to such transcripts of Nature represented by her

meaner incidents as have been favourites with the Dutch school of painters. The manner in which the copy or resemblance is performed will certainly have in some degree, greater or lesser, impressed on it the character of the author's mind, and this makes it not even an exact resemblance. It bears the stamp of an individual observer in its mode of treatment, or in the mechanism of its execution. Thus, an object represented by Teniers, Ostade, or Gerard Douw, truthfully rendered by each, after his own distinct mode of perception and execution, will, when placed side by side, present three distinct versions of the same object. They cannot, therefore, be technically true, and they do not aim at being anything higher, though there are conspicuous merits of technicality in each. I do not, of course, lose sight of the fact, that the advocates of this school find a charm in the single fact of the successful imitation itself; but, as I have said, that is limiting the large intellectual enjoyments which the Arts can yield to the pleasure derivable from an appreciation of the lowest and most elementary of their powers. All considerations of Beauty, or of the proprieties and amenities of Fine Art are abandoned. The theme is subordinated to the instrument of its rendering, and a merely skilful is preferred to a noble use of the language of Art. The stories which we read of the imitations of the Greek painters must be accepted with distrust. The generally limited acquaintance of the literary critic with the real requirements of our art may have caused him greatly to exaggerate the merits of Imitation in the cases supposed, and to have missed their relation to merits of another kind. When we read of imitations by Zeuxis and Apelles, so marvellous that not merely the judgments of men, but the instincts of the lower animals were imposed on by their representations, we set against these statements our knowledge, that the artists in question were duly sensible of the value of subjective truth. A story goes that Zeuxis, having painted a boy carrying grapes, was irritated when he saw the birds peck at the fruit. Unconsciously these winged creatures were reviewers, to his great discomfiture; and their peck at the fruit was a biting criticism on his drawing of the human form. Had the boy been rendered as successfully, the birds would have gone without their grapes, and so Zeuxis is said to have painted out the fruit, and repainted it with less obtrusive truth. This criticism might have been usefully taken to heart by such masters of the Dutch school as Mieris and Gerard Douw:—in whose works the human form is usually the part the least completely or perfectly imitated.

When Wilkie was painting the whole-length portrait of Daniel O'Connell, some visitors to his studio were so loud in their admiration of some still-life introduced in the picture, that the artist in their presence obliterated the much-belauded details, considering that this direction of their applause was a severe criticism on the mode in which he had treated the character or expression of the head. I had this anecdote from the late Mr. Cholmondeley, for whom the picture was painted.

So much for the mere imitation of Nature in her lower forms and less intelligent meaning. But there is yet another species of Imitation against which I must warn you, and which has for its object the simulation of Art. This is a species of imitation which finds itself on a special style, or on a particular picture (generally the former), and some have even recommended it as one of the paths to excellence. For the truth and vitality which are derived immediately from the observation of Nature, the objective means in which these are developed giving a stamp of veracity to what is within its reach, the imitator in question substitutes the bias of another mind than the artist's own, and so gives to his works a certain unreal or fictitious air. His form of servility is, to wear the mental livery of some one whom he recognizes as a Prince in Art. The tones and textures familiar to our eye, in the pictures of old masters, become snares to dependent minds; and this form of imitation meets with a large amount of encouragement from amateur and *dilettanti* consent. To this kind of whim, sense and judgment are often subordinated or sacrificed. The applause bestowed, is bestowed

on want of originality. The false metal gets a dangerous currency from the stamp of connoisseurship. The fact is, the more original the old artist who is proposed as a model for imitation, the more strongly marked his peculiarities of thought or of rendering, the less does he present a possible or desirable model for direct imitation. The painter of power applies himself to the record of truth with a vigour that communicates a character of its own to all with which he deals. His own impressions shape and determine his own modes of enunciation. His dealings with the objects before him have a direct relation to the tendencies of his own mind,—and the emphasis of his pronunciement constitutes his own particular style. The modern artist who imitates these things does so by the precise abdication of the means that led his model to excellence. He works in that unphilosophic mood which, dwelling on the letter, misses the spirit. For those suggestions which Nature would have made to himself, he substitutes the structural peculiarities of another mind, which, not being his own, have a foreign air. Instead of seeming an expression, they show like an artifice. Modes of arrangement or dexterities of manipulation, which were the spontaneous language of another mind, become his studied substitutes for thought. He looks at Nature through spectacles at best,—and probably spectacles unsuited to his own focus. Let me warn you, then, that while next to the reading of Nature for yourselves, the best thing you can do is to read the accepted masters,—it is mainly with the view of learning by a careful study of their works, how they read Nature for themselves, and how their several idiosyncrasies coloured the results of that reading. The mere study of their modes of expression has immense value of its own, as I shall endeavour to show you in future Lectures; but if the study land you in the adoption of mere modes, instead of enlarging your knowledge of the principles of which those modes were several forms of expression, you turn the great library of picture to a wrong use, and become mannerists at second hand, by seizing on the manner, which was a vital form of the genius of your great originals.

This subject brings us naturally to another, which has a relation to it, and with a few remarks on which I shall conclude. It refers to an eccentric Art-course, which has been the subject of some conflicting opinions of late.

There have been periods in the history of Art, as in that of Letters, when certain minds, as if wearied, under some morbid influence, with the contemplation of high models, have chosen to fall back on some earlier condition of progress, and perversely taken up a backward starting-point, from whence a portion of the road to excellence has needlessly to be travelled over again. Of all the forms of eccentricity into which the love of paradox and the passion for novelty are apt to seduce mankind, this is surely one of the most illogical and uneconomical. If the servile imitation of even perfect models be, as I have said, a thing to be shunned, what shall we say to an imitation which deliberately selects for its models comparative imperfection? The disciples of this school of artists flourish on contradictions. They seek to become conspicuous by a dip among the shadows of the earlier centuries:—their attempt at novelty is made by a return to what is ancient. The bad thus made new they exalt above the beauty that has grown old; and they challenge the logic of the schools in the name of anachronism.

If there be any truth in the principles which have now been laid down, the followers of this schism stand doubly condemned, as being imitators of what was bad in itself, as an imitative school. What would be said of the author who should prefer now some crude or early form of the language in which he writes, to express his thoughts, rather than avail himself of the wealth of illustration, which the ages and the knowledge born in them have brought to enlarge, enrich, and dignify the utterances at his command? Could the full thought and scientific accomplishment of the present time find fitting interpretation in the vocabulary of Lydgate or of Chaucer? As reasonably might we, in an age of steam-ships and steam-guns, traverse

the Euxine in the trireme and assail Sebastopol with the catapult.

It is more rational that, rejecting all improved ideas and forms of Beauty due to the march of time and the fullness of thought, all enlarged scientific knowledge and mechanical means, we should go formally back to a more uninformed and rudimentary time for our examples, and copy the comparative ignorance of the Past, as a positive title to the admiration of the Present!

But these artists of the modern heresy who copy imperfect modes, miss, in doing so, all that gives a dignity and a beauty even to their imperfections. I deny that there is in their works any sympathy or intrinsic correspondence with any one of the earnest masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The hardness, formality, conventionalism, structural errors, deficiencies of scientific or manipulative appliance, where these occur in the works of that time, were the accidents of the day—accidents out of which it took but a comparatively short time for the Arts to emerge. It is not, as Dr. Waagen has justly observed, on account of their defects, that these early masters attract us; but in spite of these and their peculiarities, I say that Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Francia, or Perugino, never present us, as do their pseudo-imitators of our day, with intentional types of deformity. In what they wrought, they aimed at excellence, and sought for beauty to the extent of their capabilities. None of them sought to return to the Byzantine forms of ugliness; but all endeavoured anxiously to advance themselves by improving their Art. Earnestness and honesty are perceptible in every line and touch that they have left us.

The backward tendency, visible in the practice of sections of the modern German and French schools, is at least intelligible, and may have a species of defence. For the most part, it occurs in works executed for the decoration of the same Romish Church,—deals therefore with the same conventional forms, and adopts the same conventional methods. The legends of the Romish Church to-day are the same legends with which the fourteenth-century artists dealt; and the modes of the old masters are themselves a sort of Roman Catholic dogma. Truthfulness of character and religious sentiment pervade these French and German works. They have the plea of their faith, and are engaged in the service of their Church.

Their imitators of our school transcend the limits of the dogmas of ugliness propounded by old St. Basil himself, or by his followers. As if to make as conspicuous as possible the absolute no-meaning and deformity of their practice, they do not even conform to the abstract and spiritual renderings of the age which it is their pretence to adopt. In their devotion to what the French style the *système rétrospectif*, they exhibit the grossest inconsistency, by mixing up the primitive modes of that system with tastes, habits, and methods of later periods and of schools of the lowest and most material agencies. Who could dream of a successful engraving of the Dutch school on the Italian art of the fifteenth century? Let me entreat the gentlemen of this modern-antique school, as, five years since, I said elsewhere, "to believe that Raffaello may be received as no mean authority for soundness of view and excellence in practice." They stand convicted of insincerity by the very cleverness of some of their pictures. What a wilful misapplication of powers is that which affects to treat the human form in the primitive and artless manner of the Middle Ages, while minor accessories are elaborated to a refinement of imitation which belongs to the latest days of executive art. By the side of their affected simplicity and rudeness, they write the condemnation of the same, saying "You see by the skill with which we can produce a detail, that we could joint and round these limbs if we would. We show you that while some of us could, if we chose, do as well as they who use the enlarged means and appliances of Art, we can also do, and choose to do, as ill as they who wanted our knowledge. We desire you to understand that it is not for want of knowledge of what nature is, that we fly to affectation."

As a last suggestion, let me warn you, gentle students of the Academy, to bear in mind that no technical or manipulative excellence will recommend a vulgar or an immoral subject to rational or thinking minds. Talent bestowed on a low subject is, at best, a misapplication of it and of time;—devoted to an immoral one, it is, besides, a dishonour—an abuse of the great gifts which are implied in the name, rightly understood, of an artist.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Mr. Cousins, the engraver, was elected a member of the Royal Academy on Monday night,—being the first engraver who has attained the full honours of that institution.

At last Wednesday's meeting of the *Graphic Society*, a very varied collection of paintings and drawings was exhibited; including a portrait of Gainsborough's daughter, by Gainsborough, and a Study by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a sketch of 'Eddystone Lighthouse in a Storm' by Turner, and an interesting series of drawings from the Crimea by Mr. Simpson. The artist—who, we believe, arrived at the Seat of War the day after the wreck of the Prince—has, by a few touches, conveyed a perfect impression of the desolation and dreariness of the storm-swept, snow-imbedded camp. The most admirable of this series are, 'The Burial-place of the Second Division,' the 'Scene in the Diamond Battery,' and the 'March from Balaklava.' All looked with painful interest at views of the spots, not merely where Iphigenia may have bled, or Greeks have shouted "Thalatta"; but where the flower of England, unscathed by fire, unsmitten and unhurt, rotted away, with their faces turned towards England. For them, there will be no victory, no rejoicing,—for them, no open arms and happy faces, no flags waving or jubilee of bells,—but in their stead, cold, narrow graves, in an enemy's country, on a spot perhaps to be blasted by a great nation's greatest and most terrible disgrace. In all of these, we observe, as a marked characteristic, the heavy, congealed, sluggish yellow clouds struggling through a deep blue sky. In 'The Burial-place of the Second Division,' some soldiers, muffled up like Esquimaux, are hewing out trenches in the frozen snow for the dead comrades that a fatigued party (red against the dismal white and grey horizon) are toiling along with in the distance,—their weather-beaten, stern faces bent down deprecatingly before the icy wind. There the long white-heaving waves of shapeless graves, swollen with snow, stretch away like the burial-place rather of the dead of some tremendous battle than the dead of an army, we trust, still to be victorious. In the 'March from Balaklava,' the same muffled men, bandaged and ragged, more doleful for the shred of scarlet and strip of dingy lace, toil with heavy step towards the doomed city, rather like criminals going to execution than men confident of victory. On a carion steeed, the most prominent of all, is an hussar, who once rejoiced in the much-ridiculed 'cherry-coloured pantaloons,' now wonderfully faded, and more fit for Houndsditch than the glitter of Rotten Row. Perhaps the most spirited sketch is the 'Scene in the Diamond Battery,' with the huge sixty-eight pounder Lancaster gun, and the group of foreign-looking sailors who lie stretched out, more like pirates in ambush than the smart jack tars of Nelson's age. Capt. Peel, grim and expectant, is watching from the rampart; and his brother officer, a little lower, is equally on the alert. One sailor has thrown himself down by the linstock, and another slim, long-legged reefer stands ready at the cannon's breach. In this sketch, we realize at once the enormous size of the gun, and the excitement and ardour of the defenders. We can easily imagine the knowledge soon obtained of the gun's habits, the indignation at its shortcomings, and the uproarious delight at its happier hits, when pulks of Cossacks are sent to the four winds, or a rival band of gunners disappears in a gush of fire. How sweet the great voice of such a potent friend must sound,—and how awful its roar that is at once a war-cry and a knell. Turner's sketch of the Lighthouse divided interest with these clever drawings,—with the thin landscapes of extraordinary finish and truth by

Mr. Inchbold and Mr. Carrick, young and rising artists,—with a rather ill-drawn life Study by Mr. Sant, and a vigorous sketch of the Boulogne review by Mr. G. Thomas. The sketch of Turner is a perfect piece of sea poetry. Sea and air seem to have banded together to quench the undimmed light. Drifts of foam leap up at the tower and spring above it,—and waves blot out the stars, and sky and sea have become one,—but still the flame burns on, persistent and steadfast. We never saw such a welter of froth and wave,—such a hell-pool of storm and water,—such a seething, boiling rage of maddened breakers, roaring for food and praying for wreck, or any human work on which they may wreak a hatred that eternity cannot satisfy. Still shines the flame, quenches as hope—unshaken, undisturbed:—even as through the storms of life and the buffettings of daily cares burns the thought of a directing and merciful Providence.

Some curious frescoes of the second century have been discovered at Rome in the Catacombs of Calixtus, near the Appian Way.

Edward Kretschmar, the wood-cutter of Leipzig, has just received a gold medal from the King of Prussia, as a reward for his large woodcut of 'The Death of Gustavus Adolphus.' Art and royalty seem to move in closer orbits even in German courts than in our own.

The sale of Mr. C. Birch's pictures, which took place on Thursday, is calculated to re-assure those who may fancy that the Painter's value has as yet suffered by the return of the Soldier into prominence. The collection, it is true, had been choicely made, but the prices secured were, nevertheless, remarkable as illustrating the rise in estimation of the artist to the opulence of the buyer. As instances.—Müller's 'Slave Market,' sold for 15l. in 1841, fetched 195 guineas—Wilkie's 'First Ear-ring,' disposed of by its painter for 50l., was handed over to a new possessor for 295 gs. The 'Fleur de Lys' of Etty,—concerning which and its fantastic frame, which cost 50l., we were the other day reading in the painter's biography,—was "knocked down" for 700 gs.; picture and frame having originally cost 150l. Mr. Birch had only paid 147l. for Constable's 'Lock' in 1838. The landscape sold for 860 gs. The other prices were not less encouraging. Mr. Pyne's 'Rydal Water' went for 92 gs.—Mr. Danby's 'Peleus' for 115 gs.—Mr. Lance's 'The Hall Table Fruit' for 76 gs.—Mr. Uwins's 'The Tambourine Player' for 120 gs.—Mr. Linnell's 'The Road through the Wood,' for 415 gs.—Mr. Poole's 'Mountain Peasants,' 240 gs.—Mr. Frith's 'Dolly Varden' (not, we believe, Mr. Frith's engraved *Dolly*), for 200 gs.—Mr. Webster's 'Beating for Recruits,' for 355 gs.—Mr. Herbert's 'Nimrod,' for 190 gs.—M. Delaroche's 'The Saviour of the World,' for 265 gs.—Mr. C. Stanfield's 'Affray in the Pyrenees,' for 435 gs.—Collins's 'Haunt of the Sea-Fowl,' for 185 gs.—Calcott's 'Spezzia Bay,' for 500 gs.—Turner's 'The Lock' (painted by way of companion or challenge to Rembrandt's 'Mill,' for 600 gs.—Sir E. Landseer's 'Waiting for the Deer,' for 780 gs.—and Mr. Macrise's 'Alfred,' for 690 gs.—A small miscellaneous collection of the works of modern artists, was also disposed of by Mr. Foster, after the Birch sale—at which the lots, generally, fetched good prices.

The old Cathedral of St. Germans, in the Isle of Man, is past repair; and the diocesan talks of building a new one, as a sort of memorial to Bishop Wilson, who died in 1755.

At the *Réunion des Arts*, on Wednesday night, the chief objects of interest were a series of frescoes by Herr Goetzenberg. These bold crayon drawings were hung round the walls like tapestry, and beside them were ranged reduced copies painted in oil. The best of them seemed the Allegories of Religion and Philosophy, which, we believe, adorn the walls of the University at Bonn. In that of Religion, which is the chief, the various phases of religious progress are represented by figures that surround the great white throne on which true Religion is seated,—these various forms being, in fact, so many false and distorted shadows of one and the same being. The Pontiffs are admirably given, with the thin

lips, malignant sneer of hard, cruel, scholastic intellectuality. About all of these cartoons there is a pervading atmosphere of German thought, purely abstract, and peopled by those heavy-limbed, unetherial, Albert-Dürer women, with furred robes, brooches, and pouches, who tenant the German Art-world. None of them are remarkable for severe, much less graceful, drawing; and the flow of line, though grand, bold, and firm, is never masterly and generally is heavy. The composition is good and always earnest and sincere,—but the subjects, incidents in the lives of Margraves, and miracles wrought by unknown saints or unknown nobles, are wanting in European interest. To judge from the sketches, the colour must be lurid and false. Of all the artist's creations we prefer the scenes in which the Nixe, or wood spirit, a semi-nude nymph who leads a fawn, decoys the shepherds, who are unable to resist the allurements of her voice, and follows her to death in the interior of the forests. Undine and the Heldenbuch, the Nibelungen-Lied and Uhland, rise before our eyes, and imagination completes what the painter has but hinted. There is no doubt that in the pure abstractions of fancy the German artists surpass our own, who are always trammeled either by a desire to show knowledge or display their power of imitation.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, February 23, Mendelssohn's "St. PAUL." Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.—Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 10s. 6d., at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*L'Etoile du Nord.* Comic Opera in Three Acts. The Words by M. Scribe. The Music by G. Meyerbeer. Arranged for Piano and Voices by A. de Garaude. (Paris, Brandus & Co.)—A few years ago [vide Nos. 1199 and 1201] an attempt was made in the *Athenæum* to define some characteristics of M. Meyerbeer as a musical composer,—the publication of his 'Forty Melodies' affording the occasion. Of the general remarks which were then offered, we have not a word to alter when we deal with the published music of 'L'Etoile du Nord.' Neither have we much to add,—since, though this new opera is a complete specimen of its master's peculiarities, we should be at a loss to mention one, whether of form, modulation, or treatment, of which examples do not exist in 'Robert,' 'Les Huguenots,' or 'Le Prophète.' M. Meyerbeer proves himself, in 'L'Etoile,' careful and constant, rather than rich and various:—he becomes, work by work, more ingenious, more elaborate,—but not more original or masterly. On the other hand, a growth in mannerism is evinced:—and on this, as it involves the development or decay of Truth in Art, a word or two may be said at the present period.

How far such truth can be insured by direct reality is the question, and one which is fermenting among musicians of the most opposite schools just now. On one side, Herr Wagner, fierce in his denunciation of all forms hitherto accepted, maintains that every emotion of tragic passion can be rendered in sounds almost as closely as the colours of flowers can be imitated on canvas by a Van Huysum or a Van Os; and in his operas cares for little except outcry for the voice,—giving to his orchestra such small beauty as he vouchsafes to his work out of condescension to the frivolity of a generation that will not utterly dispense with beauty. On the other hand, M. Meyerbeer commits the literal interpretation of his stage-business to music with as close a persistence as if that were Music's sole function. He sets "glou, glou," to accompany the action of drinkers,—"tr.r.r.um" and "plan, plan," to represent what drummers do,—"tie-tac" to show how hearts beat,—a quantity of "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "Fal-lal-la's,"—the like of which we do not recollect in any former work. Nay, in the first *finale*, the tuning-up of village scorpions, at a dance, is represented and methodized with Chinese exactness. All this desperately literal work seems to us a mistake,—a mistake as indicative of poverty and prosaic fancy as the formless

ravings of the young Germans. But in Art, we suspect, as in Philosophy, Materialism and Transcendentalism have some points of agreement which are strangely coincident in spirit, be the jargon in which they are expressed what it may.

Having indicated the peculiar form which the modern tendencies have taken in M. Meyerbeer's music,—having pointed out how, under the mistaken view of forcing his art into a precision of utterance totally alien to its real nature, he has indulged in conceits and puerilities beneath the adoption of one so highly gifted—we must leave the question to be argued out and illustrated in detail,—since, for the moment, it is more important to amateurs and opera-goers to be informed what they ought to hear on the occasion of the performance of the work in its English dress.

The Introduction, divided into five portions—with the frivolous yet needlessly difficult air for *Danilowitz*—the angry and harsh phrase marking the character of *Peter*—and the vigorous little chorus of quarrel, 'Vengeance,' in which one of its composer's peculiarities of rhythm is employed with happy effect—is spirited, though fragmentary. There is no need to dwell on *Catherine's* first song, as an ingenious specimen of talking melody—on *Prascovia's* hasty entry, where fright is cleverly put into the music, by the breaking up of the phrases and the use of uncouth intervals—on *Gritzenko's* rude Cossack air with chorus—on *Catherine's* tambourine song, with dance and chorus,—since they are among the simpler and easier portions of the work.—No. 7, 'De quelle ville,' the duett betwixt *Catherine* and *Peter*, is one of M. Meyerbeer's happiest duetts of *mezzo-carratere*. The opening dialogue is bound together with a flow and consistency not common to the composer, by the elegant phrases given to the orchestra. In the movement *a due*, 'Sa voix noble,' the contrast of the characters is capitally kept up by the different rhythms with their different accents given to the *soprano* and bass voice. The difficulty of this duett is great, owing to the mixture of expression and brilliancy demanded from both singers, and the trials to which they are exposed by the incessant and excessive modulation which M. Meyerbeer has here repeated, after having employed the same form in earlier works. We pass the *notturno* for *Catherine* and *Prascovia*, which also demands exquisite vocalization, to come to the first *finale*. The odd opening of this has been spoken of, and also the introduction of the four choruses of drinkers, musicians, bridal guests, and soldiers, at first separate, afterwards used simultaneously. In this *finale*, however curious be such admixture as an example of complication, the portion most really original is the song of *Prascovia*, with its chiming and responsive chorus of female voices, heightened to piquancy by the introduction of the bass (*Master Reinhold*) in the second verse. In the air, with chorus, for *Catherine*, which closes the act, the opening *cantabile*, as a fine broad melody, is welcome to the ear, after the large amount of florid and *staccato* passages which has preceded it. The effect of the following *barcarolle* does not depend so much on the music itself as on the delicate execution of the principal singer, and the gradual *diminuendo* of the semi-chorus by which she is accompanied. Till we come to the *coda*, with its caprices of interval and its mystifications of *tempo*, demanding the nicest management, we have phrases and passages daintily set and coquettishly garnished, of trite and familiar quality.

In the foregoing it might be thought that there is enough of contrivance and resource employed to weave together passages not very precious, and to disguise meagre first ideas; but, in the second act, commencing from the tent scene, intricacy and complication are carried further, step by step, to a point of climax, which it would be hard for M. Meyerbeer's self to overpass. The four soldiers' tunes (including the *ballet*) which open this act are in their composer's most natural vein of frank melody,—and this implies, also, that species of common-place, not to say vulgarity, from which M. Meyerbeer's thoughts are rarely exempt when he wishes to be tuneful. But in the tent scene he makes himself full amends, and too familiar he has been. The *trio* No. 12,—as a

piece of music to be sung and acted, where neither liberty of *tempo*, change of passage, nor suppression of ornament is permissible, nor evasion of crudity is possible,—is perhaps the most difficult stage *terzetto* in existence. But how charming is the *andantino grazioso*, 'Que se passe-t-il,' given to *Catherine*, in which M. Meyerbeer throws away one of his best inspirations for the sake merely of a few bars of dramatic life!—and how jovial is *Peter's* toast, 'Vois en flots de rubis,' with its tipsy trills and its hiccupping final cadence, which are yet, it must be remembered, only at the opening of a long Bacchanalian scene,—for next come the *Virandières* and their duett, which is as impudent as it is clever, and as musical as it is clever and impudent [vide *Athen.* No. 1397]. Following still the Paris score, the *couples* marked *b*,—with the *coda* in *quatuor*, the quintett 'Cessez ce badinage' (which demands the neatest possible handling from all concerned in it), and the following *sestett* and the melo-dramatic music, during which *Peter* sobers himself,—may be pointed to as unquestionably the strongest and most individual portions of the opera. There is not a bar of this intricate scene in which M. Meyerbeer does not exhibit force, quickness of intelligence and knowledge of effect. His ideas have been exceeded in freshness,—some of his devices have been indicated by Signor Rossini,—he has already used the progressions which he once again employs here. It is further true, that the difficulty of the music keeps pace with the hazard of the situation, and that deficiency in vocal skill, or exuberance in action, would make of the whole an unmeaning and repulsive piece of confusion. Still, considering this scene, in its right point of view, as a piece of stage-effect broad in outline, yet as minute in its details as if Netscher or Van Aalst had touched the canvas, it may be referred to as a wonderful piece of art employed in the combination of fragments, more perfect than the most highly-finished examples of Meyerbeerism in 'Les Huguenots' or 'Le Prophète.'

We have dwelt on this scene because it contains, to our thinking, the real vitality and strength of 'L'Étoile.' Viewed in musical comparison with it, the much-talked-of military *finale* which closes Act the Second, is a clumsy and mean piece of head-work, in which the composer has resolved to drag himself through the self-propounded difficulty of dressing up the *Dessauer* March in as many uniforms at once as was possible. The leading phrase of the 'Serment,' 'Dieu, protecteur,' is clearly an after-contrivance,—an example of rhythm contrived to be fitted as accompaniment to a tune already made. The 'Pas Redouble' in D minor,—the 'Fanfare' of the Tartar regiment in E flat,—are no less evidently so many bars of a given length, in which, by the omission of certain given notes, discrepancies of key could be got over,—so that when they are combined, whereas a most difficult feat appears to be achieved, it is only evaded. Neither 'quick step' nor 'flourish,' any more than *Peter's* prayer, has strength or feature which would enable it to go alone. The 'grand crash' is always in prospect; and, when this arrives, it proves less grand than it would have been, supposing the master had combined in it four *real* themes, and not three lengths of exercise-work, with one rather trite tune. The effect is not worth the enormous difficulties which must be mastered in the execution.

The same remark applies to *Catherine's* *scena*, with its long *agitato*, its snatches of chorus, and its final *bravura*, with double echo of flutes, which makes the great effect of the third act, and closes the opera. This third act, however, also includes a delicious instrumental *entr'acte*—the *Romance of Peter*, 'O jours heureux'—exhibiting some attractive niceties of instrumentation;—and *Prascovia's* dainty little song, 'Sur son bras,' to which the Russian colour (always successfully used by M. Meyerbeer when he has beftought himself of it) imparts a certain wild freshness.—The duett betwixt *George* and *Prascovia*, 'Fusille,' is poorer:—a slight repetition of better examples to be found in operas by M. Adam and by Hérold.

Such are some of the important points and characteristic features of M. Meyerbeer's latest musi-

cal drama; the mention of which, in conjunction with former notices, may possibly render some slight service to those attending on its first performance in England.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have so frequently pointed out Cherubini's Service-Music as one of the last mines of classical treasure yet unworked in England, that we had, proportionately, great pleasure in making acquaintance with his Fourth Mass in C major, on Wednesday evening. The performance was only moderately good, for the voice of one of the principal *soli* was so oddly out of tune as to cast doubt on the composer's intentions in some of the delicate passages. Then, though the orchestra was numerous and produced a fine body of sound, Dr. Wynde's chorus was generally timid in attack and dull in the quality of its tone; while he himself was so anxiously occupied in dragging the work through (after the *Old Philharmonic* fashion of other days), as to have no coolness nor experience to spare for expression, or even for a correct rendering of *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*. Still, it is a boon of high value to hear any rendering of such a glorious work as this Mass. In style and scale, it would befit the most gorgeous of those Italian churches where stateliness, rather than severity, is the characteristic of the architecture. There is not a grim, harsh, or Gothic bar from first to last. It is a Mass for Feast, not for Fast days,—music to accompany some mighty and noble pageant:—brilliant, though sacred; grave, yet never gloomy; beautiful, without mundane allurement; grand, with its grandeur not awful. But, was this Mass one inspiration?—or may it have been commenced in one mood and concluded in another? Superb as the first three movements are, there are peculiarities in the entire work which suggest our question. The distribution of power seems arbitrary, if we are to suppose the entire Service the result of one plan. It is a Mass for five-part chorus, with *soli*. Two of the latter voices are used in the 'Kyrie,'—eight in the 'Gloria,'—five in the 'Credo,'—one in the first offertory (the jubilant 'Laudate'),—two in the second offertory,—but none in 'Sanctus,' 'Benedictus,' 'Agnus,' or 'Dona.' One would gladly know some reason for an apportionment so fanciful, —and this, possibly, may be found in the circumstances for which this Mass was produced.

There can have been no wavering, however, in Cherubini's idea of what his orchestra was to be. His mellowness of colour, habitually insured by consummate management of the stringed quartett, is here heightened, by extra parts for violoncello;—as though the master, desirous of giving this work all possible grandeur of stature, had resolved not to leave it, like *Nebuchadnezzar's* image, with a head of brass and feet of clay,—still less, a creature having head and feet only, without a Herculean allowance of rib and spine—of thews and sinews. Such is the admirable fullness and just proportion, that we feel its span not to be preternaturally colossal. It is neither weak in frame, as giants are sometimes; nor small in seeming, as vast constructions may be made to look by a bad adjustment of details. A like effect, as we have noticed, was accomplished by Beethoven in the 'Missa Solemnis,' where also, the composer's desire may have been to seem majestic by towering. Like Beethoven, moreover, Cherubini, let his orchestra be ever so full, never (like Dr. Spohr) cloya by its fullness. He gathered up power and poured forth riches, but he never produced satiety.

We have dwelt on this harmonious magnificence not merely because its secret is disregarded by many accumulators of our day, but because to us it was the *arresting* quality of this Mass. There are details in abundance to be noticed:—the picturesqueness with which the composition is opened by a single voice, almost as freely used as if the phrase were recitative or *cadenza*,—the entrancing combinations commencing the 'Gloria,'—the curiously bold 'Qui tollis,' rising to a passion which is hardly supplicatory in the 'Suscipe,'—the short subject chosen for the 'Amen' fugue in the 'Gloria' (a phrase hardly worth fugual elaboration when Cherubini was to be the artificer),—the noble melody for the *solo* voices at the close of the 'Credo,'

sweet as a strain of Mozart's, though in form less precisely squared;—but these points can be only indicated. The 'Laudate,' or first offertory, is not to be overlooked, as a specimen of pompous brilliancy, in which Cherubini's treatment of the stringed instruments is especially to be studied; nor the close of the 'Dona,' which recalls to us the close of Beethoven's Mass in C by the reiteration of the peaceful idea. Other notes and comments must be reserved for such occasions as other performances offer.

Beyond recording that Herr Ernst appeared as solo player, we need say nothing more concerning the music at this first Concert. The jumble of other matters mixed up with the music could only be done justice to by an enthusiast as miscellaneous as Win Jenkins, when she wrote how she had seen "the Queen, the piebald ass, the billyphants, and the rest of the royal family." We are grateful—in spite of its mistaken and misleading course of proceeding—to the Society which has allowed us to hear such an unfamiliar work as Cherubini's Fourth Mass.

CHAMBER MUSIC.—Mr. Ella's first *Winter Evening* on Wednesday last, introduced a stringed quartet by Mozart, led by Herr Ernst, which was new to most hearers, ourselves among the number, with a slow movement in Mozart's lusciously melodious style, and a well composed and effective MS. Quintett for pianoforte with wind instruments by Herr Pauer. Since the Quintetts by Beethoven and Dr. Spohr, we do not recollect so meritorious a modern composition in this form. The character and contrast of the instruments have been well studied: and the ideas are good, particularly those of the slow movement, which are skilfully treated. But the first part of the *Menuett* should be rewritten, as it is unconsciously a parody in a minor key of the *Menuetto* in Mozart's E flat *Symphony*. Herr Pauer was playing beautifully; with something of new refinement added to his unhesitating brilliancy of finger.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday Mr. Douglas Jerrold's excellent drama of 'The Bride of Ludgate' was successfully reproduced. A new farce succeeded; a piece full of bustle, but not choice in its subject or nice in its treatment. 'The Writing on the Shutters' is its title; and the ominous words announce the closing of a fraudulent betting-office, in a village into which a betting-gang, headed by an effeminate captain, one Loviduck, have intruded themselves, and who seek to find or make victims by dropping letters and other similar expedients—vernacularly, "dodges." But proceedings are interrupted by accidents. One Jack Cocker (Mr. Wild), in pursuit of a fugitive couple, suspects Loviduck of being the bride, and has him placed *hors de combat*. Meanwhile, as

the pleasure is as great,  
In being cheated as to cheat,

all the parties in the run-away wedding have been pleased, for they have all been cheated,—and, under the influence of inevitable feelings, they become accordingly reconciled. The farce has the ordinary merit of such pieces; and the temporary success it has achieved is fairly due to some vivacity in the action and some adroitness in the actors.

ADELPHI.—The title of the new English version of Auber's ballet-opera—produced a score of years since in London as 'The Maid of Cashmere'—is 'The Unknown and the Bayadère.' To Miss Woolgar is confided the impersonation of the pilgrim-deity, who, by his patriotism, incurs the resentment of "the powers that be," and secures the love of the innocent Bayadère. Mdlle. Marquita was on Monday the Zoloë, whose devotion was so severely tried by the wandering *Shiva*, and whose pantomimic gestures were some of the most perfect within our remembrance. This charming and elegant dancer, we perceive by the bills, alternates the part with Mdlle. Benoni; who, on that evening, displayed her rival poetry of motion, as *Fatma*, the companion of the maid of Cashmere. Each of them, to win the regards of *Shiva*, competed in her especial *pas seul* with spirit and grace;—poor Zoloë still excelling, but winning no apparent

attention from the divine stranger, who bestows his admiration and the crown of merit on her delighted attendant. Mdlle. Marquita's jealousy was prettily expressed; but the triumph of love, stronger than the death to which she is doomed by her fidelity, was still more admirably suggested. Not having witnessed the performance a second time, we cannot say how Mdlle. Benoni succeeded in the same situations, but apprehend that her form is not so well suited to give the same piquant expression to them, though always acquitting herself well. The eccentric *Vizier* was effectively acted and sung by Mr. Paul Bedford, but his exaggerations are too monstrous to command unqualified praise. Hope of reform, however, is now out of the question; his immense absurdities, though outrageous to taste, have become familiar to the public,—who, having "endured" and "pitied," have at length "embraced" the vices of his style, as characteristics of the man. The scenic decorations of the piece are, with the costumes, new, beautiful, and even grand;—at least the concluding scene of the apotheosis is so. In its form as a ballet, we welcome this piece to the Adelphi boards; the ideality of its subject, and the artistic grace of its musical and pictorial accessories, have a tendency to refine the perceptions of an audience only too prone to admire the grotesque or vulgar.

OLYMPIC.—The little drama of 'The Lucky Friday' has been revived at this theatre. The French man of business and confidential clerk, suddenly thrown into a condition of moral anguish, and delivered from it by force of the new impetus which it supplies to intellectual exertion, so that he fairly outwits fortune and saves his character, is represented as finely and truly as ever by Mr. Wiggin.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Miss Katherine Hayes appears to carry her own California round the world with her; since the Australian papers inform us that she has reaped a harvest of many thousand pounds from less than half-a-score of concerts given at Sydney,—and, in addition, costly presents also of "plate and jewels."—According to "last advices," she has arrived at Calcutta, where few singers of any repute have been heard since the days of Mr. and Mrs. Lacy.

Among operatic novelties—and old works found as good as new—just produced in Paris, must be mentioned the revival, at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, of 'Robin de Bois,'—M. Castil-Blaze's adaptation of 'Der Freischütz.'—A one-act opera by M. Grisar, 'Le Chien du Jardinier,' just given at the *Opéra Comique*, is a more legitimate novelty.—A new three-act opera, by M. A. Thomas, is in rehearsal at the same theatre, in which the principal singers are to be Madame Miolan-Carvalho and M. Battaille.—At the *Grand Opéra*, a Mdlle. Ribault, pupil of the *Conservatoire*, and credited as possessor of a fine voice, is engaged for four years.—Mdlle. Cravuelli is shortly to sing the heroine's part in 'La Juive,' having till now, made little real effect there, even in 'Les Huguenots.' A thoroughly bad time seems to have set in for this theatre, though perhaps not worse than the period in which false execution was transformed and stagnation vivified by the unexpected apparition and influence of Signor Rossini.

It should have been observed by us last week, that though Signor Pacini's 'Gli Arabi' is new to Paris, the opera was tried in London in 1831 or 2, with Mdlle. Giuditta Grisi (elder sister to Madame Grisi) and Madame Rosa Mariani as principal singers. Here the opera failed to please. It is almost as long since Auber's 'Le Dieu et la Bayadère'—which was produced anew at the Adelphi Theatre the other evening—figured on the English stage as 'The Maid of Cashmere.' Surely the revival of two such works, neither of which won any extraordinary success when it was originally produced, tells a tale little creditable to modern opera composers.

Foreign journals mention a new pianist, Herr Egghard, who makes his effect and assumes his speciality, not by playing the compositions

of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or even the music of Dr. Schumann, but, by interpreting M. Alexandre Dumas, Madame Dudevant, Herr Heine, and others,—or who, to describe his performance more exactly, converts his piano-forte (credulity willing) into accompaniment of the contents of a circulating library. Shall we next have a series of pictures painted from Beethoven's Symphonies?—shall we have a new 'Whole Duty of Man,' written as laid down in Bach's "well-tempered *Clavier*?" Such foolish confusions among the arts find their defenders with those who fancy that they would spiritualize connoisseurship, forgetting that every revelation has its own language.—But there are odder musicians than Herr Egghard about the world, if we are to judge from advertisements,—among others, for instance, that of M. Gustave Pellereau, who calls himself a pianist-violinist, and who, of his single self—if we are to believe the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris—executes grand duets for the piano and violin, of his own composition. It might have been hoped that this duality had found its last expression in the French Lady, who a year or two since, by playing on the piano and seraphine at once, made herself so oppressive in London; but it seems as if we were at the beginning, not at the end, of quackery in music.—Let us turn to more encouraging concert-news; and announce, on the authority of the *Gazette Musicale*, the warm welcome given at a concert of the "Société des Jeunes Artistes" to some extracts from an unfinished Symphony by M. Gounod. Why "extracts" from an unfinished work should be given, it is not easy to conceive; but valuing their composer as we do, we are glad to observe any sign of his breaking ground in more fields of musical invention than one. While on the subject of Parisian concert-music, let us once again say, that we should be glad to hear some of the orchestral music by M. Gouvy, which has been described to us, on competent testimony, as well made, agreeable, and not mystical.

The German dramatists, to judge from the reports in the papers, are busy at work at present. Herr Alfred Meissner has written a tragedy, 'Der Prätendent von York,' ('The Pretender of York,') which was recently performed at Weimar, and is highly spoken of in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. Herr Berthold Auerbach, also, has finished a drama, 'Der Wahlbruder,' ('The Brother by Choice,') and Herr Joseph Rank (the author of some volumes of 'Böhmisches Dorfgeschichten') is coming forth with a new piece, 'Der Herzog von Athen,' ('The Duke of Athens,') the subject of which is taken from the history of Florence.—It is a curious fact, that ever since the accession of the present King of Prussia in 1840, almost all the younger German poets (we name only, for example's sake, Herren Gutzkow, Hebel, Prutz, Dingelstedt, Mosen, Friedrich Halm, Bauernfeld, Geibel, Paul Heyse, Otto Müller) have tried their strength on the drama,—in the noble and praiseworthy intention, it must be understood, to regenerate this long-neglected branch of literature, and to create in their country a truly national stage. However, in proportion to the time and talent wasted, how little has been attained by all these well-meant exertions! These tragedies and comedies come and vanish like so many shooting stars; proclaimed with great pomp, they are no sooner seen than forgotten; none of them, we believe, has ever become a permanent favourite with the public, and "Der Stube, den Schiller leer gelassen," ("The Chair which Schiller left vacant,") is still waiting for its successful new occupant. And half a century has elapsed since Schiller died! What is the reason of so strange a phenomenon? Is it the fault of the poets, of the actors, or of the public? This is a question difficult to answer. At all events, it will be a fruitless attempt to produce a great national drama in Germany, as long as the Germans are no great nation. A country where the stage lies under so many restrictions can hardly be expected to possess a stage at all. The years of 1848 and 1849, though they would have given a larger scope to free expression, were, on the other hand, too tumultuous for the quiet labours of the poet. So

they, too, passed away without any happy result to the German drama.

M. Lecomte's "Arabian Night" concerning Mlle. Rachel's American engagement has been denounced as a fabrication by M. Raphael Félix, brother to the Lady, and manager of her tours. M. Raphael Félix has addressed to the journals a letter declaring that the contract, the embalmment, and all the other incidents of "the wondrous tale," are only so many falsehoods.—A new comedy by M. Augier, entitled 'Ceinture Dorée,' has been produced at the *Gymnase*.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Recovery of Waste Places.**—A Committee of gentlemen connected with Bloomsbury Chapel has, for several years, been at work in St. Giles's, with a view to remedy some of the evils existing in certain of its districts. A system of house-to-house visitation has been prosecuted with energy and perseverance; habits of personal cleanliness have been recommended; and urgent destitution has been relieved. Parents have been directed to the schools most suitable for their children; and many, both children and adults, have been aided in their desire to abandon vicious habits. Measures have also been adopted to substitute wholesome for immoral reading; and with a view still further to awaken the people of this district to a sense of their position, an unsectarian religious instructor has been provided. The Temperance Hall, King Street, Seven Dials, has been partly rented for meeting purposes,—and these efforts have been so far appreciated that the Committee have long desired to extend their operations. Their great want has been a suitable building in which, and from which, plans of usefulness might be carried out. This difficulty, however, is now overcome. The Swiss Protestant Church, situated in the Five Dials, having been vacated, has been taken, and adapted, at a cost of 160*l.*, as the Bloomsbury Mission Hall. On Tuesday evening last it was opened to the people,—the lowest class being specially invited. The meeting was convened for eight o'clock, and the Hall was crowded in every part. Mr. S. M. Peto presided, and, together with the Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, explained the origin and progress of the work in which the Committee are engaged, and cordially invited the people to make free use of the building in which they were assembled, assuring them that at all suitable times it would be open to them free of cost. Addresses were delivered by other members of the Committee, and it was announced that adult writing classes would be immediately commenced, and the free library extended. Arrangements have also been made for the delivery of interesting lectures, some with dissenting views. It was further stated, that as circumstances suggested, other measures of usefulness would be adopted. A resolution expressive of the feeling of the Meeting was submitted by Dr. Snitch. Mr. Peto, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, said, that he had never yet delivered a lecture, but being at present released from parliamentary duties, he was tempted to do so, and his first should be given in that Hall, to the people of St. Giles's.

**Antiquities of London.**—The *Builder* of last week gives an interesting account of a visit to the old Norman crypt below the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The crypt is octagonal, throwing groins of great strength to each compartment, and supporting the floor above. There are also in the wall an altar, a piscina and an aumbry; but there are none of the usual iron rings for the suspension of lamps. This curious vault should be thrown open to the public. —Another fragment of old London promises soon to furnish subjects for antiquarians: we allude to a part of old London wall laid open by the alterations for the Milton Club in the City.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—S. D.—B. T.—received.

J. G.—The passage in the *Athenæum* [No. 1424, p. 168, col. 2], which this Correspondent complains of as obscure should have been printed thus:—Mr. Disraeli, the eldest son of that "distinguished litteris" who complimented, &c.

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40	1 13 10	1 19 7	3 10 5	3 14 10
50	1 14 1	1 19 10	4 6 8	4 0 11
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Mutual Branch.

Assureds on the Bonus system are entitled, at the end of five years, and afterwards annually, to participate in four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the profits.

The profit assigned to each Policy can be added to the sum assured, and applied in reduction of the annual premium, or be retained.

At the first division a return of 20 per cent. in cash on the premiums paid was declared; this will allow a reversionary increase, varying, according to age, from 66 to 88 per cent. on the premiums, or from 5 to 15 per cent. on the sum assured.

Outstanding Premiums, and Premiums for Extra Term, Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the term, and may be paid off at any time without notice.

Claims paid in one month after proofs have been approved.

Claims upon approved security.

No Extra Premiums.

Medical Attendants paid for their reports.

Persons may proceed to or reside in any part of Europe or

British North America without extra charge.

The Medical Officers attend every day at Throgmorton-street, a quarter before 9 o'clock.

E. BATES, Resident Director.

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LIFE DEPARTMENT.—Under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, this Company now offers to future Insurers *Four-fifths of the Profits*, with *Quinquennial Division*, or *a Low Rate of Premium*, without participation of the Profits.

The next division of Profits will be declared in June, 1855, when all the Profits which shall have subsisted at least one year at Christmas, 1854, will be allowed to share in the Profits.

At the several past Divisions of Profits made by this Company, the Reversionary Bonuses added to the Profits from *One-Half* the Profits amounted, on the average of the different ages, to about One per cent. per annum on the Premiums, and the Reversionary Bonuses added at the four Septennial Divisions exceeded 770,000*l.*

FOREIGN RISKS.—The Extra Premiums required for the East and West Indies, the British Colonies, and the northern parts of the United States of America, have been materially reduced.

INVALID LIVES.—Persons who are not in such sound health as would enable them to insure their Lives at the Tabular Premiums may have their Lives insured at Extra Premiums.

LOANS granted on life policies to the extent of their values, provided that the sum so advanced is sufficient time to have attained in each case a value not under 50*l.*

ASSIGNMENTS OF POLICIES.—Written Notices of, received and registered.

Medical Fee paid by the Company, and no charge will be made for the same.

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Bookbinder, 195, Oxford-street, London. Books bound in Morocco, Russia, or Calf, both plain and elegant, on the lowest terms. Gentlemen waited upon with patterns. Estimates given for large or small Libraries.—Address, 195, Oxford-street.

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Estimates and Prices of all descriptions of Glass for glazing forwarded free.

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LUSTRES, &c., 44, Oxford-street, London, conducted in connexion with their Manufacture, Broad-street, Birmingham. Established 1835. Manufacture of all kinds of Glass, Crystal, Wine Glasses, Water Jugs, Goblets, and all kinds of Table Glass, at exceedingly moderate prices. Crystal glass Chandeliers, of new and elegant designs, for Gas or Candles. A large stock of Foreign Ornamental Glass always on view. Furnishing orders executed with despatch.

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that he has a very large assortment of the above articles in various colours, and solicits an early inspection. Every description of useful CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE, at the lowest possible price, for Cash.—220, Oxford-street, near Hyde Park.

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Maker, by appointment to the Queen and Prince Albert, sole Successor to the late E. J. Dent in all his patent rights and business at the above Shops, and at the Clock and Compass Factory, at Sonning, near Reading. Makers of Chronometers, Watches, Astronomical, Terrestrial, and other Clocks, Diagrams, Altimeters, Barometers, Thermometers, &c., for the Royal Yacht, Ladies' Gold Watches, Guitars; Gentlemen's 10 guineas. Strong Silver Lever Watches, &c. &c.

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CAMP LANTERNS for the CRIMEA, combining every recent improvement, adapted for burning the Patent FUSEE Candles, which can be instantly ignited as a lucifer. These Lanters are equally suitable for warehousemen and others. Price 2s. each; FUSEE Camp Candles, 1s. 3d. per box. Sold by Lamp-Dealers; by S. CLARKE, 53, Albany-street, Regent's Park; and wholesale by PALMER & CO. Sutton-street, Clerkenwell.

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Thread or Fiddle. Thread. King's Pattern. Pattern. Tea Spoons, per dozen ..... 3s. 4s. 4s. 4s. Dessert Forks ..... 3s. 4s. 4s. 4s. Dessert Spoons ..... 3s. 4s. 4s. 4s. Table Forks ..... 4s. 5s. 6s. 6s. Table Spoons ..... 4s. 5s. 6s. 6s. Tea Spoons, Sets, Walker's, Damasticks, &c. at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

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CUTLERY, WARRANTED.—The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales. 3½-inch long Spoons, 7s. 6d. each; high quality Forks, 6s. 6d. each; Desserts to match, 10s. if to balance 12s. per dozen extra. Carvers, 4s. per pair; larger sizes, from 14s. 6d. to 30s. per dozen; extra fine, 1s. 6d.; if with silver ferrules, 37s. to 50s.; white bone Table Steel, 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of the new plated Fish Carvers. Also, a large assortment of Razors, Forks, Scissors, &c. of the best quality.

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Quotations, with Engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

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